Post Box 322.
Telegrams: "Chronicle"

Registered No. B. 4666
Telephone No. 22037.

The Bombay Chronicle

Founder:
PHEROZESHAH MEHTA

WEEKLY

Editor:
SYED ABDULLAH BRELVI

VOL. I NO. 28 BOMBAY: SUNDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1942 PRICE THREE ANNAS

LIBRARY OF THE BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY

Peace In Poverty

—S. L. Karvande

COLONEL BLIMP AND INDIAN COMMUNISTS

(See Page 3)

An "Off-The-Record" Story

By STANLEY MAXTED

THREE SPINSTERS OF JULIAN STREET

I expect that you will have heard the kind of place Bath is. It is a sort of human backwater where the serene dignity of life remained unruffled through the years, and human contacts only became such after the proper formalities had been observed, and then only after suitable investigation.

There is a nice old Abbey there, and some old Roman baths and medicinal springs, while up the slope on a hill is a crescent of perfect Regency houses. It is a ghost town—a sort of provincial whatnot full of elderly respectability, extinct poets, disused culture, and invalids. The water in the springs I mentioned is supposed to fix up the invalids, but I guess they leave it until it is too late.

From the foregoing you may wonder why Bath should be singled out as a target for the Luftwaffe's might. Go ahead...I'm still wondering.

Now, Julian Street is a very respectable street in that very respectable city. Even when I saw it you couldn't but admit that Julian Street still reflected its background. It has been kicked around rather badly, but those house fronts still try to look stiff necked and dignified—like an elderly duchess that has had her hat knocked over one eye and her hair mussed, but who still holds a glassless lorgnette over the bridge of her nose and holds her undeviating course, and refuses to notice that anything has happened.

On the way to it I had met my fire warden. I was in a refreshment emporium, whose proper designation I'm not allowed to give. I was emptying a glass of very good Somerset cider, taken from an old cask in a cool cellar, and my fire warden was leaning with his back to me and his elbow on the counter drinking 'beer.' He had the froth of it on the ends of an outsize in moustaches to prove it. He had also heard my accent when I opened negotiations to relieve my dry throat, and now turned with a quizzical eyebrow and surveyed me at length. Having made up his mind I wasn't Goebbels putting on an act he wiped the froth eastward and westward and cleared his throat.

Had I been over long?

I told him.

Was I looking around?

I told him I was.

Then with many 'Ah's' larded in, he assured me I should have been there the nights of the bombing. That is when I should have been there—Ah!

I disagreeed entirely, but asked him to tell me more, which he did—turning from time to time to the other clients for confirmation, and daring them with his eyebrows to deny it. By now he was firmly fixed in my mind as the Tinker in one of Jeffery Farnol's books. His eyes twinkled, his brows beetled, his moustache jutted and his cheeks and nose made round red highlights in Technicolour.

He had been on duty in Julian Street, and when he had 'had another' he would take me there. I caught on, and did the necessary.

When we had made our way there, the Tinker told me the history of every dislodged brick, every hole, every jagged wall, and every gutted residence. Half-way along the street he stopped, pointing to a narrow house with the top floor and windows gone, and the second floor having broken plaster visible and every sign of being deserted. Only the ground floor was lived in.

It seems it was this way:

That three storey house opposite had been three very small, very genteel apartments—one on each floor. In these had lived three spinsters, also one on each floor—Miss Carrie lived on top, Miss Beatrice on the second floor, and Miss Agatha on the ground floor. Very correct maiden ladies they were, well into years of discretion except Miss Carrie who was only about sixty-two. She was the kid of the trio.

Miss Agatha was crippled up with arthritis and unable to move without her crutch and stick, and then very painfully.

Miss Beatrice was—well—Miss Beatrice. She was a sort of female colonel.

The three of them had lived here for upwards of twenty years and had never spoken to each other. No—they had never had a quarrel, they had never had a chance to because they had never really met. You see, they had never been introduced.

Poor Miss Agatha had a pretty thin time of it, and her affliction had etched deep lines of pain in her face and made her, rather crabby—and no wonder. It was all the worse because with her poor, stiff, crippled fingers she couldn't manipulate knitting needles and so play a little part in the war effort.

Miss Carrie had an irresistible desire to hug every youngster and baby she saw—but of course she didn't. She was much too well self-disciplined for that. Miss Carrie was to have married a very suitable young man, with whom, incidentally, she was very much in love, but he was killed at Paardeburg in the Boer War. That same bullet had killed something in Miss Carrie, and—well—here she was. Miss Carrie worked tirelessly with the Red Cross. It partly satisfied something within her.

As for Miss Beatrice, she really was of the old school—militant. She believed that men had but one function in life, and that was to be put in their place—preferably by herself. For Miss Beatrice the world consisted of England, and the other places; and the world's people were made up of the English and the un-English. For her, murder, lying and stealing were very bad crimes, but there was one worse—that of being un-English. Of course, she supposed they couldn't really help it, the poor wretches, but what could one do except perhaps send them missionaries? Of late she had even had a few qualms about England, too. The working classes were getting completely out of control—even getting into Parliament. Heavens! What next? So you can see how out of step with the times she was. And now, as though that weren't enough, here was this upstart Hitler, or whatever his name is, presuming to try to dictate to everybody.

She never really took seriously the talk about them invading England. The idea was preposterous. As for those ridiculous people bombing Bath—why they wouldn't dare! She had never heard of such a thing! She took an energetic and high-handed interest in organisation for the war work, of course. One must—but with a detached viewpoint, very much in the same way you took an interest in the evangelisation of the heathen, who must be fools anyway or they would certainly all be 'Church of England' long ago.

Of her two neighbours, above and below, Miss Beatrice was aware, most certainly. No doubt they were quite nice and, of course, one's own kind; but their paths had never had occasion to cross. As for going at it bald-headed and introducing herself to them—goodness! What will the man think of next!

Be that as it may, up to the night that the heaven's declared the fury of hell over Bath these three elderly maiden ladies had lived in the same house but had never met. They had pursued the even quavering soprano of their fruitless ways independently on their respective—and respectable—private incomes.

But then came 'that night.' The 'Tinker' told me it was sudden. Fair gave him a start, it did. Mind you, he had often said to himself that he wouldn't put it past them to "ave a go' at Bath, and when that relay of throbbing drones spewed out crescendos of whistling shrieks to culminate in splitting, rocking blasts, he just said to himself: 'Ah, so that's it'—and sure enough, that was it.

At first they didn't drop them very close to Julian Street, but there was his duty to perform and the Tinker set about it in his own volubly phlegmatic way.

When he came to the abode of the three spinsters he went to the top and warned Miss Carrie to go to the shelter. She was ready and went like a lamb.

Next came Miss Beatrice, who answered his knock, and stood in the doorway, the picture of outraged rights. Go to a shelter? Indeed she would do nothing of the kind! She'd thank him not to make ridiculous suggestions. Shelter indeed! This was her home, and here she'd stay. Disturbed by Germans! She'd certainly see about this.

The Tinker didn't get down to Miss Agatha—who really needed him most of the three—because he was having rather a bad time with Miss Beatrice—and, frankly, getting the worst of it. However, his enemies came to his aid. A bomb dropped uncomfortably close, and the ancient glass of the windows shivered down inside the heavy curtains. Much against every instinct, Miss Beatrice capitulated. In her own time, of course. Fairly snorting indignation, she gathered up a rug, a book, and a thermos flask of tea she usually kept by her bedside and stalked defiantly down the stairs and across the road, trying not to walk any faster than when she took her afternoon stroll. She barely noticed Miss Carrie who was returning to get a heavier coat.

Just as Miss Carrie passed the door of Miss Agatha's flat it opened, and there was Miss Agatha, helpless and frightened, looking from between her crutch and stick with wide appeal in her eyes. Down went the natural defences of years of Miss Carrie, spinster, and up came the natural instincts of Miss Carrie, woman. 'Oh, please let me help you.' And then with her arm and shoulder supporting Miss Agatha, she half carried her, staggering, out in the hall, down the steps—slowly, and with great difficulty—and started to cross the street.

They got almost to the opposite kerb when one of those crescendos that started from a pin point of nothing screeched down filling the world with horrible sound. A blinding flame, a rocking crash, bricks, glass, and bits of iron railing tore through the air—and almost automatically Miss Carrie dropped her burden to the ground and flattened herself over it protectingly. Miss Agatha felt a quivering contortion in the body above her, and a sickening warmth that flowed down over her neck, and then just a still dead weight that pinned Miss Agatha, helpless.

By this time, of course, the Tinker was busy with a thousand things to do, but Miss Beatrice was up out of the shelter, covered in dust, to find out what was going on. By the light of the blaze which had started in the house that had just been hit she saw the black inert mass lying in the road, and while the shriek of more bombs not much farther away than the last one pierced her ear-drums, Miss Beatrice threw dignity to the winds and went out to aid her two neighbours. She saw right away that Miss Carrie was beyond any help that even she could give her. She put her hands under Miss Carrie's shoulders and lifted her gently away from the body she had been shielding, took her own coat off and laid it on the ground, and turned Miss Carrie over. Even though that poor broken head couldn't feel it, Miss Beatrice felt she must make her comfortable. Then Miss Beatrce, with a superhuman effort, got Miss Agatha to her feet, and with a frenzied surge of new-found strength from she knew not where, got the crippled woman to the shelter, laid her in the bunk on the rug she had brought for herself, and away she went up into the street again, practically colliding with the Tinker outside the doorway of the shelter.

Normally she would have asked him why he didn't look where he was going—but not now. With a breathless 'Come and help me carry her' she led the way to where Miss Carrie's body was lying. Together, but with Miss Beatrice in command, they lifted Miss Carrie carefully and carried her to the sheltered side of the air-raid shelter doorway, and laid her on the ground. The Tinker produced a grey Army blanket from somewhere and, without knowing quite why she did it, Miss Beatrice spread the blanket over the younger woman.

One way and another it had not been a very tidy job that Miss Beatrice had tackled, and she was in a mess. But she had a helpless woman still down in the shelter, and no sign of a let-up in the rain of death from the sky. She went down to Miss Agatha and proceeded to help her to lie more comfortably. The Tinker with grime and sweat dripping from his chin stood surveying the scene thoughtfully from the inside door of the shelter. As Miss Beatrice finally straightened up he prescribed the British cure-all for every occasion: 'Now then Missus, if you'll sit down and rest yourself I'll get you both a nice hot cup of tea. That'll put you to rights—you see if it doesn't.'

The despised implication of 'Missus' passed over Miss Beatrice's head unheeded, and she sank down on to a box and thanked him gratefully. The Tinker brought the tea and went off to meet new emergencies. The tea was hotter and more fresh than that in the thermos flask and the two women drank it thankfully, and then passed the remainder of the night until the 'All Clear' sounded, discussing with each other the unpredictable turns that life can take.

There, next morning, the Tinker—who by this time was practically out on his feet—found them. He went with Miss Beatrice to their home, where it was obvious that only the ground-floor apartment was habitable. They came back and reported to Miss Agatha, who would hear of nothing but that Miss Beatrice should salvage what she could from upstairs and move in with her. They made arrangements for Miss Carrie's funeral, and with the Tinker's help moved Miss Beatrice's things down into the apartment below and set the place to rights.

They're both living there now, each a great blessing to the other after nearly twenty years. Both of them are thinking up ways for Miss Beatrice to busy herself with other people's troubles, these two remaining spinsters of Julian Street. I don't suppose Hitler—or whatever his name is—ever dreamed he would spend all that money to send all those planes to drop all those bombs just to bring some of the British closer together—A B.B.C. Talk.

"Daddy, Uncle Jim isn't nearly so deaf as he pretends."

"How do you make that out, son?"

"Well, last night he said he's heard from a friend in America."

Digitized with financial assistance from the Government of Maharashtra on 21 April, 2017

Col. Blimp Looks At Indian Communists

Scene—The Smoke Room of the Army and Navy Club. Two retired Colonels of the Indian Army discussing the Indian problem over whiskies and sodas.

Colonel Bloodshot—This is a scandal sir. How can we hold up our heads in India after this?

Colonel Dammit—What's wrong now? Have the Japs captured Calcutta, or has the Viceroy again been taking tea with Gandhi?

Colonel B.—It's worse than that. They're going to release the Communists and let them preach sedition in India.

Colonel D.—What do they mean by that?

Colonel B.—Winston must be listening to Cripps. What's he but a Communist, anyway?

Colonel D. (reading the paper). —They say it's because the Communists want to help in the prosetion of the war.

Colonel B.—That's a change isn't it? Do you remember the Meerut conspiracy, when we sent them to jail for trying to stir up revolution in India?

Colonel D.—Those must be the same Communists. Have they been in jail all this time?

Colonel B.—Our Communists here don't seem to have been demanding their release recently.

Colonel D.—I thought they had all been released along with Nehru. Were they just forgotten, or were they considered more extreme?

Colonel B.—The Government must think they are not dangerous now. They should be out, and Gandhi and Nehru should be in.

Colonel D.—Perhaps it's because if they start jailing these Congress fellows again, there won't be room for the lot.

Colonel B.—They're going to let them agitate too, and let them have their newspapers.

Colonel D.—Don't they know the risks they are taking with the British Empire?

Colonel B.—It's because they want the Communists to attack Gandhi and advocate a United British Empire Front.

Colonel D.—But can you trust them? You know what Herbert Morrison said. That's why they won't allow the "Daily Worker" to come out again.

Colonel B.—If they allow the Communist papers in India, there's no argument for banning the "Daily Worker."

Colonel D.—No, not as long as it loyally supports Churchill and

the Government.

Colonel B.—They'll be releasing our Communists next.

Colonel D.—None of them are in jail now. Don't you know they are shouting for a Second Front and telling the miners there must be no slacking and produce more coal?

Colonel B.—No. I'm getting too deaf to listen to the wireless and too short-sighted to read the papers.

Colonel D.—That's why you don't keep in touch with the times.

Colonel B.—Aren't the Communists still Bolsheviks? Don't they want to stop the war and have a revolution instead?

Colonel D.—No, not now. I was arguing with a fellow at dinner yesterday who said the Bolsheviks were not so bad as they're painted. They've been killing the Communists for years.

Colonel B.—But isn't it too dangerous to let them run wild in India? Surely we don't want to risk having a revolution there now!

Colonel D.—They say that the Communists are now all out for British rule in India, and can be used in the campaign against Gandhi.

Colonel B.—Would you rather have the Communists than Gandhi?

Colonel D.—Yes, Gandhi is more dangerous than the Communists. Don't you remember Winston's great historic speech when he warned the Government not to yield to Gandhi? He said—"To give concessions to Gandhi is like throwing cat's meat to a tiger."

Colonel B.—I'm not quite clear about this. Are the Communists Moslems?

Colonel D.—No, no. But they are all out for a United British Empire Front with the Moslems, the Maharajah's and the other princes in order to save Democracy in India from the Japanese.

Colonel B.—But didn't they get their money from Russia?

Colonel D.—We're fighting with the Russians these days. We couldn't object if the Russians sent money to India now. But there'll be no need for it. We're all fighting on the same side. If they're going to be in the United British Empire Front and on our side against Gandhi, why should they be short of money?

Colonel B.—But isn't the British Government going too far in encouraging Communism in India?

Colonel D.—We should be glad of any assistance against Gandhi. Aren't we all comrades now?

Colonel B.—Of course he's the worst of the lot, but do we want Communism in India?. If there's a Communist Government in India after the war, what will happen to our pensions and dividends after the war? They'll forget all about their obligations and refuse to pay their debts and confiscate everything, like the Bolsheviks did.

Colonel D.—Is it fair to rake up this against our gallant Allies?

Colonel B.—Well, I suppose we should let bygones be bygones.

Colonel D.—If Gandhi and Nehru get their way and we leave India, our pensions and dividends will go west too. No, there's something in the Government's idea that the Communists should be let out of jail to help us to fight Gandhi.

Colonel B.—But what about after the war?

Colonel D.—Oh, then we can shove them back in jail again.

By Ikonoblast in Glasgow "Forward"

JOAD GOES BACK TO GOD!

The Metamorphosis Of A Famous Agnostic

About 30 years ago I emerged from the shadow of the valley of Christianity into the sunlit uplands of agnosticism.

I put it like that because of the sense of freedom, of gaiety even, with which the emergence was accompanied.

One felt one had got rid of a burden, a burden of error and inhibition. One had lost, with what relief, the sense of sin.

By what methods had the emancipation been achieved? Mainly, I think, by intellectual. I did not see then, and I do not see now, how a Being at once all good and all powerful, could have made this world. I could not, in other words, reconcile the existence of pain and evil with the Christian hypothesis. Either God could have removed them but didn't—in which case He could not be benevolent, or He wanted to remove them and couldn't, in which case He could not be omnipotent. I saw no way out of this dilemma.

As a teacher of philosophy it was, of course, my business to acquaint myself with the immense variety of "ways out" that theists have propounded. The most familiar "way out" was the Christian. Pain and evil are, we are told due to man's misuse of God's gift of free will. God wanted a world of morally good beings. But a moral being must be a free thing—free, then, to reject and free also to yield to evil. Freedom to yield to evil entails the existence of evil for him to yield to. He does, in fact, yield, and pain is the result of his yielding. Pain and evil then, are in no sense the works of God; they are the works of man who misuses God's gift.

Problem Of Perfection

Possibly, possibly not! But what of the thousand million years of life upon this planet before man's appearance? Throughout the whole of that period the teeth and claws of Nature were red. The feelings of creature X in process of being devoured by creature Y cannot but have been painful. Yet hom could X's pain be attributed to the acts of a being, man, who did not as yet exist.

And what, anyway, could have been God's motive in the affair? In the beginning there was only God; there was, then, only perfection. Why should God have deliberately chosen to flaw that perfection by creating imperfect beings who would introduce pain and evil into a world that knew them not? He must, being omniscient, have known in advance what use men would make of his gift, damning themselves some of them (eternally?) in the process. in order that, if all went for the best in the best of all possible worlds, if all souls were saved and became wholly good, even as God is wholly good (and assuming that one waived all difficulties touching the question whether earwigs had souls), there might once again be perfection. In order, then, that the cosmic process might end where it began.

Seeing no answer to these questions I consigned the whole religious bag of tricks to the shelf, where they have mouldered in cold storage ever since. Why then take them down for re-inspection now? The reasons this time are mainly psychological. I have never been a materialist; I have never, that is to say, believed that matter is the only reality. After all, the only thing that matter can do is to move about, and it seemed to me unbelievable that a world consisting of moving particles of matter could account for, could in fact be, the inspiration that produced the Sonnets of Shakespeare, the beauty that is enshrined in the Quartets of Mozart and also our recognition of the inspiration and our appreciation of the beauty. I postulated, then, in addition to matter a force of Life which, expressing itself in and through matter much as an electrical current may run down a wire, created living organisims in pursuance of its purpose.

What could that purpose be? To become ever more intensely conscious and vividly aware. Aware of what? I did not know, but I was inclined to say of certain absolute values of beauty, of truth, perhaps of goodness, perhaps even of God, Who revealed Himself in the values. God, then, might exist as an objct of human aspiration as a goal of life's evolutionary effort, but not as the Creator of a world that aspired and strained to wards Him. He was, if I may so put it, the carrot that pulled the donkey forward, not the consciousness that expressed itself in the donkey's appetite; the object of the world's desire, not the Loving Father of us all

As a picture of the world, that was by no means incredible. Why

(Continued on page 18)

By Dr. C. E. M. JOAD

WHAT DOES THIS STAR FORETELL?

By K. U. KINI

Strange Silence Greets New Heavenly Phenomenon

A new, scintillating star leaped into public view last month; but without the usual fanfare—both the professors and the public remaining strangely silent.

The star may now settle down, as a respectable, law-abiding denizen of the skies, but full of grief that it shot up at a time when war has crowded it out of the glare of publicity. It has come almost unnoticed and has remained unhonoured and unsung. Were it not for an amateur astronomer of North Wales, its blazing into activity might have remained in the dark.

Perhaps it has come to stay, but still the conspiracy of silence continues. There is no indication at any rate from the news which has trickled down to this country, that the professional astronomers of the world have picked up their telescopes to give us more details. The astrologers seem to be averse to making predictions. The physicists appear to have abandoned their spectroscopes. Where is the mathematician with his equations and the cosmogonists with his imagination? Where are the poets and the publicists to sing praises of this morning maiden star?

From "Evolution" To "Relativity"

Galileo, by finding a new star, smashed the orthodox theory and blazed a trail. He challenged the orthodox theory that the spheres were unchanging, lectured to large crowds, faced adversaries, courted the censures and penalties of the Inquisiton, died a miserable, old and dishonoured man.

Then science made gigantic strides, splashed before us a graphic cosmic picture—and gave us symbolic words, which have been used for our everyday problems. These words have been picked up by the politicians and journalists and used in a revolutionary sense.

It is the boast of the scientists that the words first used by them have become the symbols of an attitude of the age towards the biggest problems of life. "Evolution", for example, it is claimed, has become the watchword of rebels agaist social injustice. Another word "relativity" is also a watchword of rebels against the tyrannies of obsolete moral judgment and too inflexible rules of life. It is doubtful whether Darwin and Einstein could have imagined what their labours might have brought forth!

I have invoked the scientists not for an enlightenment or a drab explanation about the place of the new star or a new jargon, but to give us the gift of this New Renaissance—the gift of having eliminated from our life nine-tenths of fear which dominated the lives of our ancestors. It is their boast that by imparting knowledge to us about this Universe, they have smashed orthodoxy and superstition and, thereby, banished fears from the minds of the people.

Watching The Stars

The scientists have now remained silent. Their services, at this time, are not only necessary but extremely timely. In India this star is well placed for observation. It is due south and is well seen in the early morning before sunrise.

Imagine a modern youth getting up a chilly, wintry morning and walking out to watch the glorious panorama, the heaven sowed with stars as thick as field! Low down on the horizon, he sees Sirius flashing. And close by, if he remembers the location of the new star—Nova Puppis—he may find it twinkling.

How far has he progressed in his general outlook and what benefit has he derived?

The difference between him, a modern youth, and an ancient savage is really little and negligible. To the savage, Sirius was at least a timepiece by which he reckoned the passage of the year. To a mediaeval philosopher, it was the Dog-star, wielding serious influence upon births, Galen, whose art cured or sought to cure mankind for a thousand years recommends the sick man to make medicine by burning a live river-crab on a plate of red bronze after the Dog-star has risen and when the sun is in the constellation Leo.

But the modern youth may boast of his knowledge that Sirius is hiding behind it a faint companion star and that it is made up of matter so closely packed together that it is sixty-thousand times denser than water, that a cubic inch of it weighs about a ton.

And what then? Our youth went out not merely to enjoy the beauty in the music of the spheres, to see the stately spherical drama, to study the stellar constellation but to derive inspiration from a new and symbolic phrase in this war-torn world. He had gone out with the crusading enthusiasm and the indomitable courage of a scientist.

I do not understand the jargon of the scientists, and much less their science; the details they give are dull and drab to me; but I like the idea of scientists minting new words—symbolic words.

Return Of The Astrologer

In this hour of need, when the astronomer the physicists, the mathematician and the cosmogonists having failed our country jointly and severally, I turned to the astrologers who, I believed, would fill the gap.

Astrology, despite the attacks upon it, is still a thriving business. Even the citadel of science—the United States of America—boasted of 5,00,000 of astrologers before the present war, which has given a further incentive for a more luxuriant crop of star-gazers. Our country is, of course, well represented. Gorgeous turbaned circus astrologers are many and well patronised in the new world. Both worried Babbies and blue-eyed, bob-haired girls consult them about their daily problems.

But the incessant assaults of science on the mansion of astrology has given i a severe jolt Astrologers who had been consulted by the heads of States from times immemorial, by Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, by the Queen of Sheba, by Louis XI of France, by Charles V, and Francis I, came to fall from the grace of the rulers, as modern science dealt blows after blows to the persistent claims of astrology.

The astrologers were apparently lying low for some time, seeking for an opportunity and then asserting themselves. Their turn came when Hitler gave them a lift. There was much rejoicing throughout the world, as the reports spread that Hitler had consulted his famous star seer during the crisis over the partition of Czechoslovakia.

After the war broke out, more loopholes in their predictions were detected and broadcast. But the astrologers were unabashed. Is this not a "phoney" war? It has confounded one and all.

I know that the spirit of the astrologers cannot be crushed. Astrology has a history; it has a tradition; it has waged many a battle for survival and, perhaps, for its former supremacy and pristine glory; it has outlived the scorn and scouting of modern science. And it has not yet shot its bolt and is still thriving.

What Did The Star Foretell?

But, to-day, when the new star has blazed in the sky, I am disappointed to find the astrologers apparently struck by a battened-down feeling. I had expected from them a political prediction influenced by this new star in the Milky way. I had expected, for example, that they would foretell the failure of Rajaji's mission to secure permission to see Gandhiji in jail and to settle the present political deadlock; of the adverse influence cast on him by the new star in his attempt to get a 'plane and a passport to go to England; of his certain and ultimate success which will crown his persistent efforts if he were to remain in India, carry on a ceaseless agitation in pursuance of his mission and tour from one end of the country to another. I had expected them conveniently to forget, in the interests of their own profession, the date of his success and the signal of defeat for his adversary, whoever he may be—but to be definite about the freedom for this country and a setting up of a National Government. I had expected them to assure Rajaji that the new star would favour him in the Milky way he pursued for the settlement of the present deadlock.

Star-Gazers Gagged

Surprisingly, the astrologers are reluctant to make any predictions and have joined the camp of the scientists.

This silence, on the part of the astrologers, it is explained, may be due to a misunderstanding of the Defence of India Rules and their application. In the city, at least, a couple of astrologers came to grief—so the story goes—after they made some predictions Now the world seems to have gone round. A whispering campaign has started. Those who felt as free as larks to soar in dizzy heights and look down with mercy on this planet now feel cribbed, cabinned and confined. They feel that the chart of the heavens has to be rolled up and temporarily set aside, when politicians and those bitten with a political bug pester them for predictions.

There seems to be a miconception about the rulers of this planet. This misconception has begotten fear. The impression is that there is a Colossus standing astride in this country with one foot in the realm of science and the other in the realm of astrology—and threatening both.

This is both baseless and unwarranted. The ruling atoms and electrons of this country are totally ignorant of and appear wholly unconcerned with those in another planet. They live in a Universe of their own, and are not interested in the Universe around them. Unlike scientists, they feel that there is enough room to think and to feel expansively and thoroughly happy and contented in their own tiny Universe.

(Continued on page 20)

GIVES IDEAL RESULTS
IN ALL CLIMATES

THE SCIENTIFIC INDIAN GLASS CO., LTD.
6, CHURCH LANE, CALCUTTA.

Bombay Agents:—
INDUSTRIAL & ENGINEERING APPARATUS CO., ...
Chhotani Estates, Proctor Road, Grant Road, Bombay 7.

HANNEN SWAFFER LOOKS BACK

ON FORTY YEARS OF FLEET STREET

"How can I become a journalist?"

Scores of people write every year, asking me that.

"I don't know," I always reply. It is true—even after forty years in Fleet Street.

I nearly became a wine merchant. I had done months of bottle washing and window cleaning and pushing a truck. I had often filled, with my own hands, thirty-six dozen bottles in an afternoon—that was a hogs-head—and I was learning the art of fining down wine and breaking down spirits.

As a boy of sixteen I had charge of a cellar that contained thousands of pounds worth of every kind of alcohol—and I never touched a drop.

It was a terrible job washing bottles in cold water in the middle of the winter. My hands still bear the scars of the bottles I broke. I escaped....

My First Job

An advertisement in the "Folkestone Express" desired the services of a boy to learn journalism. My family upbraided me; but my instincts knew.

So, on the "Folkestone Express", under an editor called Nelson Smart, I received five shillings a week and was sent out on my first job, a prophetic one, for it was to criticise George Grossmith's piano recital in the Folkestone Town Hall.

I remember, the next morning, watching, with my heart hurt, my editor blue-pencil the last sentence. It consisted of the words, "The evening passed all too quickly.' I suppose I had read it somewhere.

I should have known better. I was to learn, as a dramatic critic, in the years to come, that no evening passes too quickly.

Well, as there did not seem much prospect of getting more than ten shillings a week, I went North to fill a job I had seen advertised in the columns of the "Daily News" which, in those days, had an advertising feature called "Printers, Pressmen, etc." I was an etcetera.

"There are a lot of local legends about you," a "Lancashire Daily Post" reporter said when I went to Preston, a few years back, to address a great gathering on Spiritualism. "They say you once went to a funeral straight from a game of tennis in a pair of white flannel trousers."

"If you promise to print what I say," I replied, "I will tell you the truth about that. When I was in Preston I slaved like a nigger for £1 a week, and was so poor that the only pair of trousers I had were some grey flannel ones, so old that there was a hole in the left knee. I did not play tennis. I wasn't rich enough to buy a racquet. Besides, tennis, in those days, was patball, which the vicar's daughters played with the curates.

"I went to a funeral in those trousers because they were the only ones I had."

Life In The Raw

There was a lot more I told him about my life in Preston. I worked on a twice-a-week journal, just before the Boer War. Every Monday morning, I had to share, with two others, the job of calling on every one of Preston's clergymen.

We had to garner every them of news concerning their tea fights, their sermons, and their wives' new babies. And Heaven help us if our rival had one item we missed.

In the afternoon, it was my invariable duty to report some local council or other—all of them ponderous and windy. Usually, I had to write two columns of this and get it written, together with all the church paragraphs, by Tuesday morning. On Monday evening, starting as a dramatic critic, I did the play at the Theatre Royal, and sometimes, the play at the Prince's, on the same evening.

Every Monday afternoon, for months, I used to go and do graveyards. Some old fool had suggested to my proprietor that if we had articles describing the graveyards of Lancashire, it would cause a great sensation—among the corpses, I suppose...

So, every Monday afternoon, having been prvided with a book on Lancashire churches, from which I stole each building's history, I used to go round and copy the inscriptions on gravestones, and write about two columns of them.

I do not know what value the articles were, because, seldom having been n the parish before, I did not know who the important people were, except that, in the Victorian period, people's ante-mortem importance was often measured by the size of the stone placed above their happy remains. I merely copied down the inscriptions on the biggest lumps of stone.

All-Night Proof-Reading

Every Tuesday morning, I became a reader—that is, I read proofs, with an apprentice as my copy-holder, although, with a general disgust for our surroundings, and a contempt for our proprietors we frequently used to read the proofs without copy.

I read those proofs from nine on Tuesday morning until two, three or four on Wednesday morning.

But do not think that, after reading proofs for fifteen or sixteen hours, that I had the rest of the day off.

I remember doing Preston Police Court on Wednesday morning, relieving another man about twelve. Always on Wednesday afternoon, there was some tea party, or similar affair to report. In those days, Lancashire seemed to enjoy reading the name of every person who gave a so-called "tray."

Now, the initials of all the Myerscoughs and Ramsbottoms and Ashtons—Lancashire seemed full of people with those names—had to be absolutely right, or Heaven help me.

Sometimes a report of this kind, especially if the vicar made some bright remarks, would run to two columns. This had to be written, together with the invariable meeting of some kind that had to be attended on Wednesday night by Thursday morning.

Then there was another meeting of some sort, which had to be written up by Friday morning, which being Press day, like Tuesday, used to occupy me in reading proofs from nine o'clock in the morning till three, four, or five on Saturday morning.

Even then, I had to be in on Saturday, in time to get out the market edition, which came out at mid-day.

I Get The Sack

On Saturday afternoon, although I knew nothing about it, I described the Preston North End football matches. If the team were "away", there was something else to do. Saturday evening I usually had free. But, on Sunday, there was invariably one church sermon to report, and sometimes two!

This was my usual week.

And for this slavery—it was nothing less—I received the magnificent salaly of £1 a week! It is incredible, but it is true.

At the end of a year, I asked for an increase of salary, and was given 22s. 6d. instead of £1. In three months' time, becoming greedy, I asked for another, and was discharged, there being waiting, in the long line of unemployed, another fool like myself, ready to take £1 a week for doing work which, however mechanical it may seem when I describe it, needed a considerable amount of technical skill, if nothing else.

Yet I suppose I was somewhat of a budding writer, even in those days, for I remember that the first descriptive article I had printed in the paper—it was an article dealing with the Church Army and the submerged—caused such a minor sensation that the Church Army, without asking my leave, reprinted it in pamphlet form. So it could not have been bad for a slave earning £1 a week.

In those days, long before the National Union of Journalists redeemed them, country newspapermen were sweated and overworked. Conditions that were disgraceful were all too general in newspaper offices, all over provincial England not long before the Great War.

Men worked out their hearts, even in the big cities, for sums like £2 a week, and £2 10s. They had to bring up families on salaries of 50s. They all dreamed of reaching Fleet Street, where, they had heard, £4 a week was paid. Not one in five hundred ever got there. But they all went on dreaming. Waiting for the promise of Fleet Street, their wives became grey in their souls, and hope dimmed itself until death came.

Ink In Their Veins

It was from Sweatdom like that, that there emerged hundreds of newspapermen I know, men of stalwart character and high ideals, men who work on newspapers, not for profit but merely because printer's ink flows in their veins.

From these ranks have come many newspapermen whose names are known right across the country. Some have got on by sheer luck, some by sheer servility. Others have beaten down rivals and become rich. Some of them are among the most honourable and clever men who ever used a pencil and paper on which to chronicle the doings of the world.

Few have made money. That is not the newspaperman's way. But scores of them have served their newspapers, and their country, to a remarkable, if unrecognised, degree, by keeping their heads calm when other people became excited, and by seeing all sides of life with an amused tolerance that, in my younger days, at least, was Fleet Street's greatest quality.

Newspaper men were, and are, a great comradeship, with all their faults. Politics do not divide them, nor newspaper rivalry. From such humble origins Irwin Cobb, Heywood Broun and Will Irwin rose, in America, and Philip Gibbs, Hall Caine and J. M. Barrie, in Britain.

They burn, always, to tell the world something. Money stops them. Privilege hinders their work. Vested interests are all around. But they believe in the honesty of the printed word which, with freedom of speech, its brother, will yet save the world.

The Banana King

Well, when I was sacked from the Preston paper, I went back to Folkestone, because my home was there.

Folkestone had more newspapers for its size than any town I have ever known. I worked on most of them, in turn.

On one of them, the Folkestone's *"Daily News,"* run by a famous local character named Councillor Jack Jones, who, being a greengrocer, besides an auctioneer and sweet-maker, called himself "The Banana King."

I got 30s. a week, partly for taking down long leading articles from my proprietor, but chiefly for walking about the Leas in immaculate flannel trousers and looking so handsome—that is, compared with what I am to-day—that my proprietor was proud of me. Incidentally, it was a well-to-do uncle's castoff clothes that I wore...

The Folkestone *"Daily News"* had two compositors and one machineman, but as they were frequently employed in doing work for other branches of the business, we often brought out yesterday's paper all over again, except that it contained fresh racing results.

"Harry," I would say to the foreman, "I've got a good story to-day."

"It's no good, Swaff," he would say. "Jimmy's making sweets with the Guv'nor. And Tom's stacking China outside the auctioneer's shop."

So I would go back on the Leas Often, I have taken down a leading article from Jack Jones when he was punching an enormous doughlike piece of glucose, making sweets to be sold at fourpence a pound.

I Learned Not To Care

Still, it was "Joney", as Folkestone called him, who taught me not to care a damn for anything in the world. He was the local fire-brand. We would write articles attacking Lord Radnor, who owned Folkestone; we would sneer at every Mayor in turn; we would write about a rival editor, calling him nicknames.

Provincial journalism had many drawbacks, but, believe me, you cannot learn journalism at Oxford or Cambridge. I have cleaned rollers, helped to set type, pulled proofs on an old Eagle press, folded papers, packed parcels. I have done everything. The ink is in my blood.

I look tolerantly, to-day, at young men who come down from a university and think they can start journalism in dramatic criticism and book-reviewing, which, believe me, any fool can do.

They do not know the powers of a coroner, the routine of a board of guardians, or how to "approach" the police. Nor do they understand that the most difficult job in journalism is tracking down a criminal, or finding, late at night, the address of some old woman whose grandson has just been murdered by Afridis on the Indian frontier.

I was about twenty when I was given my first job on a daily paper by Cyril Arthur Pearson, founder of the "Daily Express", who, son of a country parson, won as a prize a job on "Tit Bits" and

(Continued on page 18)

Born Under The Purple

Some Members Of Our Princely Order

By "AKASH"

We sat on comfortable chairs and sipped very strong and sweet Indian tea and munched Indian cookies. The marble verandah of my host, who was a merchant prince, was long and spacious—enormous enough to throw a dance party. From the secure peace and quiet of his miniature palace on Malabar Hill, in the mellow afternoon, we gazed at the beauty of Bombay, which spread out at our feet like a doll city of pale pink and brilliant opal. The sky was a flaming blue and gold. We talked of some of our "heaven born" princes, who even in these days assert the "divine rights of kings."

The conversation switched on to the late Maharaja of Alwar. So many and varied are the stories about this monarch that wave upon wave, tier upon tier, carved and complicated and intricate, they have reached the immense heights of a temple "gopuram": they have become almost legendary. My host, a plutocrat of Bombay, told me a curious story about Alwar, which perhaps very few are aware of. Lord Willingdon was at that aime leaving India, on the expiry of his term as the Viceroy. A well-known cosmopolitan club of Bombay arranged to hold a tea party in honour of the Viceroy. Lord Willingdon accepted the invitation but on one explicit condition: that Alwar should not attend the function. This was decidedly awkward and complications set in. The Committee found it most difficult to prevent Alwar from attending the party as he was a Founder Member and a Patron of the Club.

My host, who was then the President of the Club, had to see the Governor of Bombay, the late Lord Brabourne, back and forth over this matter. He had even to undertake a special journey to Delhi but Willingdon was adamant. "I will not attend this party unless you give me a promise that Alwar is not among the guests," was his final dictum.

Now the Maharaja had to be sought out, cajoled and humoured but he was very decided and stiff in his attitude. He insisted upon attending the function, no matter what the Viceroy thought of him or said of him. His intention was to assert his prerogative as a Patron and a Founder Member. There was a deadlock in the negotiations. This is how the millionaire concluded the story: "I had to be quite plain with the Maharaja. I told him bluntly and openly that he was not wanted at the party. How would Your Highness feel, said I to him, if you were prevented by a common police sergeant from entering the Club premises on that day? That had the desired effect and Alwar did not attend the party."

Two Voices

A young Indian journalist wrote the truth when he said: "India speaks with two voices. One, the articulate, is the voice of British India. The other—the inarticulate—is the voice of "Indian" India. The first is believed to be the voice of Democracy. The second is the voice of Autocracy."

Mr. Mardy Jones, M.P., during his visit to India, before the present world conflagration, spoke at a meeting of the Indian Progressive Group, during which he said: "The Order of the Princes had better be careful and put their Order in order or else they will get the Order of the Broom."

But they are born under a purple canopy and usually, they die under the same canopy. They are born with pomp and circumstance and they die in the same manner. Steeped in evil tradition, pampered and petted, nursed on the fat of the land, some of them look upon life with a distorted and an abnormal attitude. They look upon themselves as gods on earth, to hold absolute sway over the lives of their subjects. Their will is unquestionable and irrevocable.

They refuse to move with the times. They decline to think that danger is ahead of them unless they associate themselves with the New Order of Living which is now gradually enveloping us. There is no salvation for the Princes unless they eat a slice of their loaf of bread by accepting the basic principles of the democracy of to-morrow or die and not be able to get even that slice. How many of them are cognisant of the growing might of the Congress or of the great wave of democracy and socialism which is spreading over the horizon of many a part of the World?

Here is the story of a prince who hails from the tips of Northern India. His forbears were all gigantic of stature and manly of spirit. They were essentially fighters. But the prince is an imbecile, broken in spirit and in mind. He is exiled from his State and lives in an Indian city the life of a prisoner, under the tutelage of a "guardian." Thus the youth lives in a perpetual obsession of being assassinated or poisoned. His mother has made him the mental wreck he is by keeping him constantly under her care. Until he married he was not allowed to leave her. The mother's place was taken by his beautiful bride. He was so devoted to her that he would follow her about like a dog, even to her bathroom, knock at her door and ask her whether she was there? He would deprive her of even that much of peace and privacy. I have often seen him at a hairdresser's, sitting like a child by the side of his wife, looking at picture papers, while she would have her hair permed, her face massaged and her nails manicured! But this was enough to tire the patience of even a saint and so she fled from him. You can imagine the torture he must be suffering in his demented mind. He knows, mad as he is, that he will never be given administrative powers. His favourite hobby is pasting pictures on walls and talking to them. He was sent to a Model State of Indian India for learning the intricacies of administration but an enormous amount of time and money was thrown away to the four winds.

Nilla Cram Cook, the American lady who embraced Hinduism in Kashmir has this illuminating passage in her book, "My Road to India" writes about a Ruler: "He had six hundred dogs. Unless something in the meantime has been done about it there are doubtless by this time six thousand. He would part with none of them. Wherever you turned you saw one of the Royal Dog Crooms being dragged along by the leashes of a pair of energetic pointers. He also had several hundred cars, a stable of race horses: polo ponies, a guard of Honour that played Kashmiri bagpipes and an airplane that was the pride and joy of his life. Under a certain window of the palace a lone manservant was reputed to be standing, day in and day out, doing nothing. It was said he was there because a predecessor of the ruler had once looked out of that window and there was no one to salam him. A man was immediately posted to avoid a repetition of the disaster and he or his successors had been there ever since. I could not verify the tradition because there were servants on all sides doing nothing and no one could point out that particular one."

Fifteen Dining Rooms

Speaking of the late Maharaja of Patiala, Rosita Forbes in her book on India and Indian Princes, writes thus: "His Highness had to have money for the Arabian Nights Palace, his parks full of fantastic animals, of birds from every part of the world, for the polo and cricket he so magnificently supported, for his jewels and gold plate, his prodigious hospitality, his fleet of cars and also for his boundless personal generosity..... In Patiala I slept in a bed plated with gold. My apartment consisted of five rooms for my sole use. There were fifteen dining rooms in the palace. As many dinners were served each day.'

About another Maharaja, the same authoress tells us: 'Nobody knows the size of the late Maharaja's family but he was credited with at least eightyseven sons and daughters, just as he was credited with the largest diamond in India and an overdraft even bigger than his treasure of jewels and gold.'

Here are stories about some rulers in Kathiawar as related to me by reliable authorities. One petty ruler is well-known for not paying for any of his purchases and yet nobody knows where his entire revenue goes: he is swimming in debt. His Staff of Officers and menials leave him on account of non-payment of their dues. He is known to belabour them, on their demanding their salaries. An English chauffeur of this ruler did not receive his salary and so left the State and sent a lawyer's notice from Bombay several times to the ruler which annoyed him immensely. With wiles and promises of enhancing the salary and regular payment of it, he lured the chauffeur back to his domain. As a punishment, he hung the man face downwards and suspended him from a chandelier. The hammering and the physical discomfort which the chauffeur received was so great that he left the State and never troubled the nawab again for his dues.

One Kathiawar ruler was almost deposed due to the many and varied misdeeds of a favourite who was his Private Secretary, Political Secretary, Chief of Police and Dewan all rolled into one. In fact this gentleman ruled the State while the ruler shut himself up all day long to pray: His idea of retrenchment was to spend more than was necessary on his own self and to reduce the pensions granted to his family members by the State.

But the cake goes to a State whose affairs were guided by a man who rose from very humble parentage and beginnings; his rise was solely due to shrewd wiles and mean intrigues. He used to spend lakhs of rupees from the State resources towards financing the various newspapers so that he was given a lion's share of publicity. Viceroys, various Governors, Viceregal Members and prominent men and women were regularly and repeatedly asked to visit the State. They would be taken in a procession of cars from one important centre of the State to the other and the entire route dolled up so that the distinguished visitors were gasping with delighted astonishment and so impressed were they that they declared the administration to be a model one. They did not know Jawaharlal Nehru's dictum that a city is judged by its slums. None of them took the trouble to find out for himself by visiting the by-lanes and tracks which were not painted up for them. None of them, therefore, knew that the people of this State were dwelling in hovels like animals and worse than animals. When these visitors left, in a comatose condition, glutted with rich food and gifts, little did they know under what squalor and filth and misery the subjects of the State lived. Mr. K. F. Nariman, during his regime as the Mayor of Bombay, visited this State and very aptly remarked that the dogs and horses of the Maharaja were better kept and fed than the raiyat.

The Prime Minister became an absolute Dictator and like Hitler and Mussolini was bloated with a false and evil pride. His fall was swift and sudden. Even the most legitimate political agitation was ruthlessly repressed and suppressed.

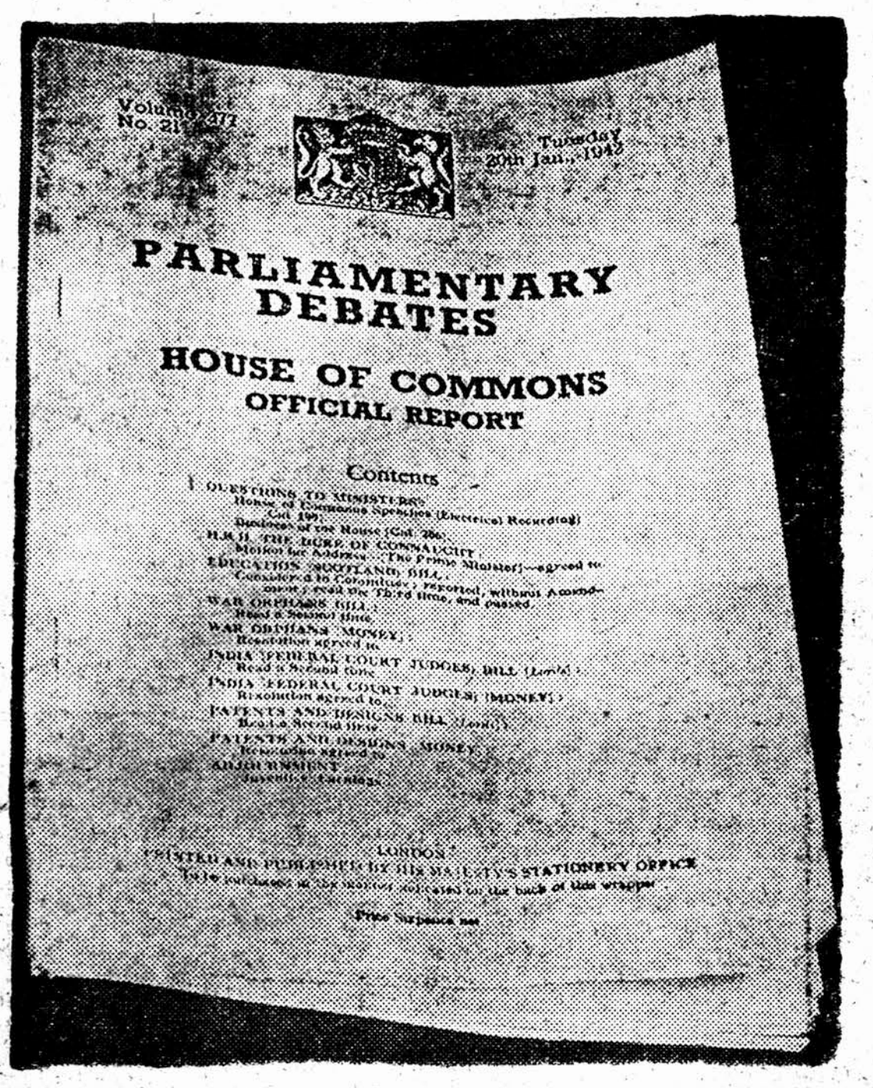
Treasures

To revert to Rosita Forbes and her book on the Indian Princes the following passages will speak for themselves of the grandeur of "our heaven born"—the pageant which is the outcome of the blood, toil, tears and sweat of the kisans.

"..... The Maharani of Jodhpur wears a rakhi (a disc) pendant on her forehead of which the centre stone is a blue diamond

(Continued on page 17)

A cool breeze
over snow-capped hills
and mountain flowers
Tatas
EAU DE COLOGNE
80°
FROM ALL GOOD CHEMISTS & STORES IN 2 oz. . TO 24 oz. . PHIALS



Here is a close-up of the completed booklet giving the official report of the proceedings which took place in the House of Commons on January 20. The whole booklet has been printed and made in the space of a few hours.

Anyone who wishes can buy for sixpence a little blue-covered booklet and in it read word for word the previous day's British Parliamentary proceedings. This unpretentious little book is world famous, for it is "Parliamentary Debates —Official Report", generally known as "Hansard."

Mr. Christ, Lobby Correspondent of the London "Daily Telegraph", gives a short account in the following article of the history of this publication.

HANSARD CARRIES ON

Each morning at breakfast time every Member of Parliament living in or near London receives, just as he did in peace time, a blue-covered booklet giving him a complete account of every question asked, every speech made, every item of business transacted in the House of Commons the day before.

Special messengers take copies even earlier to the Prime Minister at number Ten Downing Street and to other leading Ministers. This account is the official report of the day's Parliamentary proceedings, generally known as "Hansard

Most Englishmen have heard of "Hansard", even if few of them ever dip into its pages. The fact that "Hansard" has not, in fact, been published for over fifty years is ignored by Members of Parliament, civil servants and the general public. They persist in calling the report by the name of the printer who launched the venture at about the time when Nelson was proving Britain's mastery of the seas.

Bright's claim that England is the Mother of Parliaments is known all the world over. Yet no claim to pre-eminence in Parliamentary reporting can be made. In fact, England was almost the last of the countries with Parliamentary Governments to embark on an official verbatim report of debates. It was only in 1909 that the famous blue-covered "Parliamentary Debates—Official Report", to give "Hansard" its correct title, began to appear.

Unbroken Rule

The Government prints "Hansard" through the Stationery Office, and helps to distribute it through the Post Office. Otherwise it has no connection with the publication. When the House of Commons did finally agree to the issuing of an official report they insisted that full control of the venture should remain in its own hands. That rule has never been broken. The Speaker is virtually Editor-in-Chief of "Hansard." Through him the House insists that speeches must all be given in full whether made by Ministers or by back-bench Members. No word of criticism may be suppressed. Any speaker can ask the official reporters to alter grammatical errors, and correct quotations or slips of the tongue; but it is a fixed rule that nothing must be inserted or deleted that changes the sense of a passage.

Although they work in the Press Gallery, the twelve official reporters are officers of the House. The editor shares with the chaplain the right to sit in the side gallery, which is otherwise strictly reserved for Members. Few of Parliament's servants work harder. Each year sees the production of ten new volumes containing about nine million words, words spoken in a wide variety of dialects and at speeds sometimes exceeding 200 words a minute, all recorded in difficult acoustic conditions. A microphone and headphones have been made available in recent months—a vast improvement on the conditions "Hansard" reporters had to contend with a century ago, when they sat in the dark in the back row of the public gallery, resting their notepads on their knees.

War-time Secrecy

At the beginning of the war the authorities had to face the fact that "Hansard" has a world-wide circulation, and that the enemy would be among its most diligent readers. Every line would be examined to see if it wielded any clue to the location of an arms factory or aerodrome, the strength or disposition of troops, shipping movements, the extent of raid damage, or even the weather. Some of the more obviously dangerous topics are debated at secret sittings, and from these the official reporters, like their newspaper colleagues, are excluded. They stand by the door in case they should be called in to take a secret note or in case it should be decided to issue a full official account of any of the proceedings. So far no such call has been made. In the war of 1914-'18 "Hansard" secrecy went so far that on finishing his spell of duty outside the locked door each of the reporters had to hand in his empty notebook to be locked up in safe in the editor's room. There they remain, their virgin pages marked only with the date and the name of the reporter who was on duty.

Secret sessions are, however, comparatively rare, and question hour is always held in public. Members have been cautioned that every word spoken is within hearing of the enemy but occasionally there is a small lapse, and someone gives away a piece of useful information. When this happens the Speaker sees the Member concerned and orders the passage to be left out of "Hansard." That is the only form of censorship to which the record is subjected. It has had to be used only rarely, and there have been no complaints about the working of the system. Even in this matter the House of Commons has been careful to retain the responsibility of the Speaker, and not to entrust the task to a member of the Government.

Real Father

It was this healthy spirit of independence that induced the House to publish an official report at all. It did so because the semi-official report published before 1909 gave the speeches of Ministers more fully than those of private Members, and because the publishers were receiving small Government subsidies and so might, theoretically at any rate, be tempted to suppress criticism.

The real father of "Hansard" was William Cobbett, whose writings have left behind such a valuable record of rural England in the early years of the last century. He began in 1803 to

(Continued on page 17)

Here is the "copy" which has been brought by special messenger from the editor in the House to the Stationery Office where it will be put into print.

This photograph shows a corner of the printing works, where compositors working during the night are busily setting into type on the linotype machines the day's reports.

OUR TABULATED ADLETS

1 Anna Per Word
Minimum Re. 1

CHHOTA CHHOTA ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted in these Columns on cash payment only and are charged at the rate of ONE ANNA per word. Minimum charge is fixed at Re. 1 for 16 words. Numericals (up to 10 figures) and Abbreviations are to be counted as complete words.

SPECIAL REDUCTION in our scheduled rate of one anna per word will be allowed until further notice, at the rate of 25 p.c on all CASH PAYMENTS provided the same Adlet is to appear for three times or more in a week. The complete week to be calculated from Monday to Sunday.

STILL ONE MORE FACILITY is offered to our Adletisers Tabulated Adlets that appear in the "BOMBAY CHRONICLE" if repeated the same evening in the "BOMBAY SENTINEL" will be charged for the "SENTINEL" at half anna per word per insertion without any further reduction whatsoever.

ADLETS OF PRIVATE NATURE are inserted with Box Numbers and in such cases the six words —Box No. (——). "The Bombay Chronicle".—must be paid for. The management reserves the right to revise any Adlet or refuse publication without assigning any reason for doing so.

BLOCK LETTERED OR TYPEWRITTEN Adlets will ensure correct insertion. No responsibility for any mistake, oversight, misprint, etc., will be accepted by the Management. Replies to the Adlets should be sent for often to avoid heavy congestion at our office.

1. PERSONAL ADLETS

Are you married or about to be married? We will teach you exactly what you require. Particulars free. H. H. Stores, Delhi. (335)

20. MATRIMONIAL

Wanted a most beautiful and educated girl of most high class Maharashtrian family for a young Hindu of about 24 living in Bombay master of landed property and business income worth thousands correspondence from Bombay preferred with photos which will be treated confidential. Apply Box No. [illegible]

42. SITUATION VACANT

Wanted 250 candidates desirous of services as Station Masters, Signallers and clerks etc. Free lodging. Scholarship Rs. 80|- and Railway fare terms. Apply with 0-1-6 to Principal, Modern Railway Commercial and Telegraph College, Ambala City. (332)

Wanted immediately thoroughly experienced Senior Contract Incharges, Overseers, Mistries, Store Keepers and Accountants. Only those in a position to join immediately need apply stating detailed particulars of qualifications, experience and minimum salary acceptable to M|s. Karam Chand Thapar & Bros., Ltd., 53|4 Hazra Road, Calcutta 2638

Wanted Efficient Broker in Chemical and Mill Stores. See any day before 11 a. m. S. C. Shome, Bengal Lodge, Hornby Road, Bombay. (395)

141. EDUCATIONAL ADLETS

Hewett Engineering School, Jagat Narain Rd., Lucknow. Applications invited from Matric and Inter Candidates for Overseer Class Session January, 1943 and Preparation Class for A.M.I.E., Exam. (Recognised by Govt. of India) Highly qualified Staff, Hostel arrangements. Six merit scholarships. Free Prospectus from Principal. 2621

322. MACHINERY FOR SALE

For Sale. Two Boiler Flues 30 & 24 ft. in length, diameter 2-3|4 ft., plate thickness 3|8 inches, each having 5 galoway-tubes, ready for sale in good condition. Apply or see personally, Kewalchand Manekchand Oil Mill. Piparia, C. P. G. I. P. (392)

Batteries, Ball and Roller Bearings, Beltings, Motors Pumps, Rubber Gloves. Hoses. Brass Couplings, Nozzles Refer Kulkarni's Industrial Service. Hamam Street, Fort, Bombay. (244)

NEXT FRIDAY

SAIGAL AND KHURSHID
The Sweetest Singers of the Screen
in
RANJIT'S
SCREEN CLASSIC
BHAKTA
SURDAS
with MONICA DESAI, NAGENDRA, Etc.
Director: CHATURBHUJ DOSHI
Music: JNAN DUTT
OPERA HOUSE
★*Book Your Seats In Advance*★

God-Loving Bombaites Salute the Greatest Saint

IN THOUSANDS
SAINT 'Gora Kumbhar'
'Chhaya' Film: 'SELECT' Release
Supervised by: JAGIRDAR
Music: KOREGAONKER
Story: S. A. SHUKLA
Starring 9 Great Stars
LALITA PAWAR, RATNAMALA, NANDREKAR, MAHINDRAKAR, SHAKUNTALA, BAPURAO PAWAR, RAJANI, PANDIT, KISHORE
Upper Class Tickets will be available from 9 A. M. at the Theatre.
Daily: 4-15, 7, 9-45 p.m.
Fri., Sat., Sunday Matinee 1-30 p.m.
SUPER
Charni Rd., Tram Jn.

6th Successful WEEK!!
The REVOLT of LOVE
against PARENTAL BLACKMAIL!
SHALIMAR PICTURES'
JOYRIDE through the LAND of MELODIES and ROMANCE
Producer Director: W. Z. AHMED
A DAWLAT Release.
EK RAAT
IT'S CATCHY TUNES, and ENTICING SONGS, BACKGROUND MUSIC
Regale crowds at
LAMINGTON BOMBAY.
Daily at 4, 7 & 10 p.m.
Sat., Sun. Matinee at 1 p.m.
AHMEDABAD, SURAT, BARODA, POONA.

CHANDRAMUKHI KAVACH

WHEN OTHERS HAVE AVAILED THEMSELVES OF THIS UNIQUE OFFER AND BEEN SATISFIED WHY NOT YOU?

Young and ambitious persons, who want to secure their Objects in life, should not lose this Great Opportunity. A Great Yogi has prepared for the benefit of Humanity, with sacred Mantras on the auspicious night of KALICHAUDAS, only a limited number of 101 Talisman (Kavach-Tavij) each being specially prepared, for a specific person and object, such as for securing success in :— EXAMINATION, SERVICE, LOVE, MARRIAGE, BUSINESS, and for FIGHTING OUT EVIL SPIRITS, DISEASE, AND ENEMY. Needy persons who are desirous of getting the benefit of this Unique Talisman, should remit with their order Rs. 3/3/- plus As. 7/- postage with their name, address and the Object for which a particular Talisman is required clearly in English at the first opportunity to avoid disappointment, quantity being limited

Raj Narain, 43 Narahi, LUCKNOW.

A POET of the PEOPLE! A SAINT of the POOR!
UNITY'S Devotional Epic...
BHAKTA—
KABIR
MEHTAB MAZHAR
BOY KABIR
7TH WEEK
Daily: 3-30, 6-30 & 9-30 p.m.
Sat., Sun., at 12-45 p.m.
MINERVA

Now showing to
CROWDED HOUSES
National's Ambitious Film
ROTI
Chandramohan, Sheik Muktar, Sitara, Akhtari Fyzabadi
at
KOHINOOR
(DADAR)
Daily: 4, 7 and 10 p.m.
Sat., Sun., Holidays 1 p.m.

10th WEEK OF
Rising Popularity
JAWAB
The film that is making more people cinema-minded
Starring:
Kanan, Jamuna, Barua,
M. P. Productions' Maiden Hit
A Supreme Release
IMPERIAL
Daily 4, 7 and 10 p.m.
Sat., Sun. and Holidays 1 p.m.

ZANANA SHOW
To-morrow at 1-30 p.m.
RANJIT'S
CHANDNI
Khurshid And Ishwarlal
Director: JAYANT DESAI
OPERA HOUSE
Daily: 4, 7 and 10 p.m.
Matinee to-day at 1-30 p.m.

SAPRU SCHEME IN MELTING POT

ALL HINDUS NOT FOR C. D.

Vellore Judge Acquits Four Youths Of Charge Under D. I. R.

VELLORE, December 11.

Acquitting four youths, who were convicted by the S.D.O. Vellore, under D.I.R. for the theft of electric bulbs and removal of a letter-box, the Sessions Judge, North Arcot, in the course of his judgment said: "The public prosecutor could not show anything which would justify the convictions under D.I.R. and that the acts were done in pursuance of the Civil Disobedience movement.

The Lower Court seems to have thought that the Hindus of the locality were interested in the appellants simply because they too happened to be Hindus. It even thought that they were sympathetically disposed towards the Civil Disobedience movement because they were Hindus.

This cannot be taken judicial notice of or even said to be a true statement of facts as many Hindus are in the Viceroy's Executive Council, various High Courts, Police Departments, etc. The Hindus are also putting down the lawless acts of hooliganism committed in the so-called Civil Disobedience movement with an iron hand and with as much zest as any other community."

The conviction by the Lower Court of the appellants under the I.P.C. was, however, confirmed but the sentence of imprisonment was reduced to the period already undergone.—A. P.

Allah Bakhs For Self-Determination

KARACHI, Dec. 12.

"Please press for the acceptance of the self-determination formula by the conference and for a representative committee for actively mobilising the masses rather than a Congress-League rapprochement", this telegram has been sent by Mr. Allah Baksh, ex-Premier, to Mr. C. Rajagopalachariar who is attending the non-party conference at Allahabad.—A. P.

RED SHIRTS ARRESTED

PESHAWAR: The Red Shirt march towards the courts was continued on Saturday. The volunteers were arrested. A meeting was held here presided over by Dr. Khan Sahib, ex-Premier. Mr. Abdul Qualyum, M.L.A (Central) and Arbab Abdul Rehman, M.L.A. (Frontier) spoke.

HINDI "MILAP" MANAGER ARRESTED

LAHORE, December 12.

Mr. Yudhvir, Manager of the Hindi 'Milap', a Hindi daily of Lahore, was arrested in Lahore this evening under D.I.R. Mr. Yudhvir is son of Mahashe Khushalchand, proprietor of the paper.—A. P.

COLLECTIVE FINE AT CHIKHLI: A collective fine of Rs. 2,000 has been imposed on Vazna village in the Chikhli Mahal of the Surat District where there was a case of arson.

Muslims, Scheduled and Backward Classes, Christians, Government servants and all who helped the police have been exempted from the fine.

STOP PRESS

NAZI ADMISSION

BERLIN, Dec. 12.

The official German news agency said to-night Saturday that Gen. Montgomery attacked yesterday in the coastal region at Mersa-el-Brega and further south in the coastal zone. He used large number of tanks and strong R. A. F. formations.

NEW YORK: A "mission under American direction", led by Brig.-Gen. Fitzgerald, arrived at Dakar by air, according to the Dakar radio.—Reuter.

Non-Party Leaders' Executive Meets

Hunt For Agreed Formula—Jinnah Yet An 'Unknown Quantity'

(FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT)

ALLAHABAD, Dec. 12.

Sir T. B. Sapru's scheme, which he explained at Delhi recently, is now in the melting pot before the conference of leaders assembled here.

The discussion hitherto shows that there is little likelihood of unanimity being reached on certain vital aspects of the problems facing the meeting. But a search is being made to evolve a formula which may have the support of the majority of leaders who are attending the meeting.

Unknown Quantity

In fact the meeting is greatly handicapped by the unknown quantity that Mr. M. A. Jinnah still remains.

Mr. C. Rajagopalachari undoubtedly to some extent has probed the mind of Mr. Jinnah and gave the meeting his own reading of it.

Sikh leaders who are attending resent their being dubbed as "sub-nation".

Meeting In Gloomy Atmosphere

The Standing Committee of the Non-Party Conference met this afternoon, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru presiding.

The proceedings opened in a somewhat sombre atmosphere as the extension of the term of Lord Linlithgow cast a gloom over Non-Party Conference circles. One prominent Non-Party leader who expressed his desire to attend the meeting has now declined to attend it, it is reported, because he did not see any bright prospect of success for any attempt made by Non-Party leaders at this juncture.

Another thorny question that agitates the leaders is the question of powers and responsibility to be demanded for the National Government. Apparently on this point Sir Tej will by no means be able to carry the majority non-members who are attending the meeting.

Five Hours' Debate

The conference called by Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru carried on the discussion and debate for over five hours during the day with only a short break for lunch. The members dispersed for tea late in the afternoon and re-assembled in the evening for another hour or so.

TO-MORROW'S SESSION

The Conference will sit again to-morrow early in the morning and the session is likely to finish by the evening. Some members are preparing to leave to-morrow evening.

The Standing Committee only will meet to-morrow evening, probably to review the results achieved during the course of the two days. Dr. H. N. Kunzru and Sardar Sant Singh, both members of the Standing Committee of the Non-Party Conference joined the conference in the afternoon.

To-day's meeting is believed to have limited itself to what may be called comparing notes. The President, Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, is calling upon each member to express his views and suggestions frankly and fully so that these could be collated and some agreed results arrived at. The president will, it is believed, address the members last of all, summing up the entire debate.

Though the stage for arriving at any tentative proposals will not come till to-morrow, as all the members have not yet been able to express themselves, rapid progress has been made and as a prominent member told the Associated Press "debate to-day was carried on in the most earnest and excellent spirit. Every member proved to be very helpful."

Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru has received several messages from various parts of the country wishing the Conference success.

TO PREPARE DRAFT RESUME

It is believed that Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru, the President, has asked Dr. Jayakar and Kunwar Sir Jagdish Prasad to prepare a draft resume, incorporating the suggestions made in the Conference and also representing the agreed results that will finally emerge therefrom. These will be finally discussed in the conference to-morrow.

Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru is likely to issue an official statement to-morrow at the conclusion of the Conference.

STANDING COMMITTEE MEETING

The Standing Committee of the Non-Party Conference met this morning here under the presidentship of Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru at his residence. Besides the president the following members were present: Dr. M. R. Jayakar, Vice-President; Kunwar Sir Jagdish Prasad, Secretary; Mr. B. Shiva Rao, Joint Secretary; Mr. Shyam Prasad Mukerji and Sir Ardeshir Dalal.

The preliminary sitting of the Standing Committee of the Non-Party Conference lasted for about an hour this morning. The special invitees joined in the discussions

In addition to the members of the Standing Committee already mentioned the following invitees were present: Mr. C. Rajagopalachariar, Dr. B. S. Moonjee, Mr. Rallia Ram, Dr. Subaroyan Master Tara Singh, Sir B. P. Singhroy, Dr. Sachidananda Sinha, Raja Mahashwar Dayal Seth Messrs N. M. Joshi, G. L. Mehta P. N. Sapru, Ranadive and Dr. Radha Kumud Mukherji.

Mr. P. C. Joshi, General Secretary, Communist Party is represented by Mr. Ranadive.

Mr. N. C. Chatterji of Calcutta and Dr. H. C. Mukherji ex-President of the Indian Christian Conference have not been able to come

WHAT SAPRU SAID

Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru told the Associated Press that the Committee will met again this evening and probably some time to-morrow. Also he said he would issue an official statement after the final sitting of the Committee —A. P.

U. S. PLANES RAID RANGOON

Bomb Burst Among Warehouses: Direct Hit Reported On Dock

NEW DELHI, Dec. 12.

Official Communique issued by the United States Army Forces China, Burma, India says:

Heavy bomber squadrons of the Tenth Air Force on December 11 renewed offensive missions against enemy installations at Rangoon, and Port Blair in the Andaman Islands.

Storage facilities and docks were the targets at Rangoon. Twenty large-sized bombs were observed to burst among warehouses and a direct hit was reported on a dock. Fires were seen to break out in the waterfront area.

At Port Blair, where a naval auxiliary vessel received a direct hit on our previous raid, no shipping or other remunerative targets were sighted.

All of our planes and personnel returned undamaged.—A. P.

TEHERAN BACK TO NORMAL

TEHERAN, Dec 12.

To-day being Moslem sabbath, order has been completely restored in Teheran after the rioting earlier in the week and peaceful crowds are promenading the streets.

The Government has temporarily banned all newspapers and is producing its own news-sheet, which contains a proclamation by the Prime Minister deploring the disorders and threatening future offenders with heaviest penalties. The Prime Minister says that Government is doing everything possible to ameliorate the wheat situation.

Mr. Sheridan, United States Adviser to the Ministry of Food Supply, announced to-day that 5,000 tons of wheat and barley from the British army stocks in the Middle East will arrive shortly and monthly deliveries of 5,000 tons of wheat from the United States are expected to start soon.

U. S. Radio Commentators On Indian Situation

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.

The appointment of Mr. Wiliam Phillips as President Roosevelt's personal representative in India has been favourably received by American Radio commentators.

Only one or two commentators mentioned controversial aspects of the situation in India.

LIBERIA BREAKS WITH AXIS

MONROVIA:—The Liberian Government which is collaborating with the United Nations severed diplomatic relations with Vichy, it was announced.

Sikandar Ali Resigns From League

CALCUTTA, Dec. 12.

Mr. Sikander Ali Chowdhury, a Member of the Central Legislative Assembly from Bengal, has sent to the League President, Mr. M. A. Jinnah, his resignation of membership of the League party in the Central Assembly on the issue of "Pakistan".—A. P.

AFGHAN PRINCESS FOR BOMBAY

Peshawar: Princess Balquis, sister of the Afghan King, has arrived in Peshawar 'en route' to Bombay presumably for medical treatment.

Lathi Charge At Bardoli

Talatis Robbed Of Revenue Collections

(Through U. P. and A. P.)
SURAT, Dec. 12.

An attempt was made to take out a procession at Bardoli, but it was dispersed by a mild lathi charge.

A 'chaura' of the village of Aru of Jalalpur Taluk was burnt down.

Nanubhai Laloobhai of the village of Sayan of Olpad has been arrested under the Defence of India Rules.

An attempt was made to set fire to the Government rest house at the village of Adayan of Chauryasi Taluk.

Dhulabhai Fakirbhai of the village of Pal of Chauryasi Taluk has been arrested under the Defence of India Rules.

Acid Thrown At Police

AHMEDABAD, Dec. 12.

About a dozen boys entered two village choras in Ellis-bridge area robbed the talatis of the land revenue collections which they had made. One boy was arrested. A peon of the school board of the Ahmedabad Municipality was robbed of the papers which he was carrying. Acid was thrown at a Police chowki. Two police constables received slight burns.

Belgaum Arrests And Convictions

BELGAUM: Mr. Basavanneppa Sambargi, a prominent Congress worker of Belgaum District, was arrested at village Hiremanoli under the D. I. R. Three persons were sentenced in Hassan to one year's R. I. and a fine of Rs. 100 each for picketing the local shandy shop and burning a toddy shop. Out of the fine to be recovered a sum of Rs. 100 is to be paid to the toddy contractor.

The Sangli State Police have arrested six persons at Shahapur near Belgaum in connection with the recent bomb explosion there.

Five Explosions In 'Nagar

POONA, December 12.

Five explosions are reported to have occurred at different places in Ahmednagar on Wednesday last, according to a message received here.

The explosion which occurred near the Satbhai Galli resulted in injuries to some, while a teacher is stated to have sustained minor injuries as a result of the explosion which occurred in the premises of the Government Girls' High School. No one is reported to have been injured in the other three explosions

AT MANGSULI

Information from Miraj says that there was an explosion at Mangsuli about twenty miles from Miraj. Some glass splinters recovered from the spot of the explosion have led to the belief that a bottle containing explosive material must have been the cause of the explosion.

STUDENT WORKER ARRESTED

POONA: Mr. Shantilal Shah, a student worker, has been arrested by the police under D. I. R. The police also carried out searches of the residences of Mr. Shantilal's brother and sister in the city.

Calicut Communists Discharged

MADRAS: According to a report received here from Calicut, the case against two Communists. Messrs. Haridas and Sridharan, under the D. I. R. for alleged prejudicial speeches at Tanur has been withdrawn by the police. They have been discharged with a warning by the Joint Magistrate, Palghat.

The house of Venkatarami Reddi, Village Munsiff of Sarwayapulum, was searched by the police and some papers were seized, says a report from Kavali.

The Government of Madras at the instance of the Board of Transport have asked the railways to prohibit booking of goods by rail for short distances up to 25 miles.—A. P.

In Africa

Fighting French Occupy Bir-Hakeim

Allies Smash Nehring's Two-Pronged Drive On Medjez-el-Bab

LONDON, December 12.

Fighting French Troops under General Koenig, it is learned in London, have occupied Bir-Hakeim. British patrols, tanks, armoured cars and infantry are giving Axis defences in El-Agheila no rest.

NO ENEMY OPPOSITION

Today's communique from Cairo, writes Reuter's Military Correspondent, suggests that enemy opposition is conspicuous by its absence and that our patrols and reconnaissance parties are advancing cautiously into positions which, it had been expected, would be defended. It would not be safe to infer that enemy resistance is disintegrating but it must be confessed that the communique leaves the door open for speculation decidedly of a favourable character.

CAIRO COMMUNIQUE

CAIRO:—Today's Middle East joint war communique states: "Developments in the El Agheila area are proceeding according to plan without interference from the enemy.

Nofilia landing ground, 90 miles west of El Agheila was successfully attacked yesterday by our fighter-bombers, who also raided encampments and vehicles in the battle area. During the operations three enemy fighters were shot down and others were damaged.

13 ENEMY PLANES SHOT DOWN

Tunis docks were bombed on the night of December 10/11 and fire was started at the entrance to the canal. At least eight enemy transport aircraft, one bomber and four twin-engined fighters were shot down by our fighters, who intercepted a large northbound air convoy south of Lampedusa Island.

Yesterday, Naples was bombed and hits were scored on the moles and on merchant vessels. Fires and explosions resulted along the entire water front.

From these operations, four of our aircraft did not return."

Gen. Nehsing's Two-Pronged Drive Smashed

Reuter's Special Correspondent at Allied Headquarters in North Africa says that General Nehring's two-pronged drive on Medjez-el-Bab was smashed back by beautifully dovetailed co-operation between land and air power.

The Axis column, which thrust down from the north, was forced to retire after being heavily battered by Spitfires and American fighter planes.

Gen. Nehring's losses in tanks and men were considerable.

French troops were engaged alongside the British and the Americans fought magnificently.

The second Axis column, which drove towards Medjez-el-Bab from the east, suffered even more severely than the other after running into a barrage of fire.

Allied tank losses in the two engagements were considerably lower than those of the enemy.

A spokesman stated that both United States fighters and Spitfires joined in pounding the retreating Nazi columns east and north of Medjez-el-Bab. "There is every reason to believe that United States tank forces using 'General Grant' tanks distinguished themselves"

The spokesman said that the days fighting had been "encouraging". The enemy would have to do better if he hoped to prevent the Allies from building up a tremendous striking force in the forward areas of Tunisia. Mud is hampering both sides but it is to some extent helping the Allies by giving them a chance to build up their strength. The enemy has been able to get an appreciable quantity of men and materials from Sicily.

NOT YET

Gen. Anderson cannot commit himself to a major battle until he is sure of winning, the spokesman added.

The Allies in their present positions in Tunisia feel confident of checking further German attempts to enlarge the Bizerta-Tunis bridgehead writes Reuters' military correspondent.

CUT IN NOEL COWARD'S FILM DEPLORED

The "New York Herald Tribune" to-day regrets cuts in Noel Coward's film "In Which We Serve" which it calls "a tribute to the heroism of an Ally without which the landing in Africa would have been impossible".—Reuter.

BRITAIN UNSHACKLES NAZI PRISONERS

LONDON, Dec. 12.

Although no official announcement has yet been made it may be assumed says Reuters' diplomatic correspondent, that Britain has unshackled German prisoners of war at 09.00 G.M.T. to-day, in accordance with the statement of the British Foreign Office published on Wednesday.

EMPIRE JOURNALISTS COUNCIL

(From Our Correspondent.)
LONDON, Dec. 11.

At the suggestion of Brendan Bracken a Standing Joint Committee of the representatives of Empire correspondents and Ministry of information has been formed in London so that improved facilities for Empire Journalists may be secured.

Francis Williams is the Chairman of the Committee. Leonard Matters will be representing the Indian Press. The Vice-Chairman of the new Committee will have a direct access to Ministers and also to representatives of the Service Departments if occasion should arise.

WARD PRICE ON NEXT VICEROY

LONDON, Dec. 12.

Discussing the question of the next Viceroy in to-day's "Daily Mail", Ward Price says: "In political circles they say that Sir Roger Lumley, former member of Parliament for Hull, whose term of office as Governor of Bombay ends next March, will be considered for the post after he has had personal contact with the Government at Home.

Sir John Maffey, former Chief Commissioner of the North West Frontier Province and later Governor-General of Sudan and now United Kingdom representative in Eire, is thought to be a possible choice but his age which is 65 may tell against him. Mr. Churchill's choice will be watched with anxiety. The British Empire is entering on a new chapter of its long evolution. It would be bad augury if he were unable to find a man for the highest imperial administrative post, who will carry on the traditions that have made the Empire."—Reuter.

CONSIDERABLE DAMAGE IN TURIN

LONDON, Dec. 12.

It is officially announced that R. A. F. Bombers attacked Turin last night.

Three bombers are missing.

When R. A. F. Bombers were on their way to Northern Italy last night they encountered very bad weather soon after crossing the Channel. There was dense cloud up to more than 20,000 feet and severe icing. At Turin there were a few gaps in the clouds and a small number of aircraft attacked but the results could not be seen.

ROME: A communique reported raids on Naples and Turin and said that damage in Naples was considerable

Today's Italian communique stated: "Late yesterday afternoon the enemy made another raid on Naples. Considerable damage was done in the port area and centre of the city. Last night several bombs were dropped near Turin and in the Asota Valley.

It is officially announced that an enemy supply ship and one escorting vessel were sunk off Dieppe last night

NAZI BOMBERS OVER BRITAIN

An Air Ministry Communique states: "for a short while during the night there was a little enemy activity over the coastal areas of north-east England. Bombs which were dropped at several points caused some damage and a small number of casualties".

SYLHET:—Messrs Sukhamaysarma and Pramathesh Choudhary, Congress Workers have been arrested at Akhalia, at the suburb of Sylhet town. The police searched several houses at Akhalia.

Replying to a question at a Press Conference the Assam Premier said that Government were incurring an expenditure of Rs. 242 per month at present in connection with family allowances granted to dependents of security prisoners and other externees and interness in the Province.

No Silver Jubilee With Mahatma In Prison

AHMEDABAD TEXTILE LABOUR ASSOCIATION POSTPONES CELEBRATION

AHEMEDABAD, Dec. 11.

The Publicity Officer of the Textile Labour Association, Ahmedabad writes:—

The Textile Labour Association, Ahmedabad, has been celebrating its Foundation Day in the month of December, every year. It was in the year 1917 that some workers of the Warping Department of the local textile mills had gathered on the banks of Sabarmati to for their union under the presidentship of Shrimati Anasuya Sarabhai. On this memorable day was laid the foundation of the labour movement of Gujarat which has prospered under the leadership and guidance of Mahatma Gandhiji. The Textile Labour Association, Ahmedabad, completed its career of 25 years in the month of December this year; and Sjt. Gulzarilal Nanda, and Sjt. Khandubhai Desai, Labour leaders of Ahmedabad, had thought of celebrating the Silver Jubilee Festival on a grand scale, and Mahatma Gandhi the Founder and soul of the Association, was to be specially invited on this occasion. The events in the country during the last four months have taken a different turn, and as Mahatma Gandhi and other leaders are behind the prison bars, the Joint Board of Representatives has thought it proper to postpone the Silver Jubilee festival to a future date, when it can be celebrated in the presence of Mahatma Gandhi.

NEW RUSSIAN MOBILISATION

For Offensive Against Nazi Positions In Rzhev Area

LONDON, December 12.

According to news from Stockholm: German reports last night said that big new Russian forces, including 2,000 tanks are preparing to join in the offensive against German positions in the Rzhev area north-west of Moscow.

The Berlin News Agency disclosed today that General Zhukov's forces have reached the area of Belyi, a key town some 75 miles north of Smolensk and 60 miles south-west of Rzhev.

It also reported that strong Russian infantry and tank forces are massing in the area of Rzhev, where daylong attacks on a wide front have been carried out.

According to Reuter's Special Correspondent at Moscow, the Russians have improved their positions inside Stalingrad and on the northern and southern outskirts in the last 24 hours.

At the southern end, the Germans were ejected from favourable positions in the region of two hills, and the Soviet troops occupied six blockhouses and several dugouts. The Germans have sustained big losses.

One small group of Red Army soldiers has been holding out for fifteen days deep in the German defences on the western slopes of a hill which dominates Stalingrad city. They are repelling five or six German attacks daily.

FLAREUP IN AIR

A flareup in the air war on both the Central and Stalingrad fronts has followed a temporary improvement in the weather. Red air force pilots supporting Gen. Zhukov's land forces have bombed enemy islands of resistance in day-long raids on the Central Front where the Germans are still holding out, although surrounded by the Red Army men. In the Stalingrad area the Germans are still actively flying in supplies by transport planes, which are systematically pounced upon by Soviet fighters. Nearly thirty of Hitler's J.U. 52 troop-airliners have been destroyed in the past two days.

GUERILLAS IN NAZI REAR

Guerilla fighting in the German rear is reaching a new pitch of activity before a period of soft deep snow leaves dangerous tracks to forest hideouts. In 72 days up to mid-November, guerrillas behind the Voronezh front derailed 65 trains and blew up seven bridges, causing the death of 6,400 Germans. At one point the railway service was interrupted for eleven days. The Germans have given up the attempt to run trains at night.

SOVIET COMMUNIQUE

The Soviet midday Communique on Saturday says: During the night of December 11, our troops in Stalingrad area and on the Central Front continued to wage offensive engagements in the same directions as before."

"In the northern suburb of Stalingrad, our troops dislodged the Germans from fortified positions. In the area of Velikie Luki, our troops engaged enemy entrenched in strongly fortified positions. In the area north-east of Tuapse (Western Caucasus) the enemy attempted to drive a wedge into our positions, but was repelled."

MORE LAURELS FOR GUN INVENTOR

Andrei Kostikov, inventor of the famous Katusha gun, which has created havoc among the German ranks on many sectors of the Soviet German front, heads a group of engineers decorated by President Kalinin yesterday "for excellent work in connection with arms production," and invention of new types of arms. Kostikov has already received the 'Order of the Red Star' and the order of Lenin.'—Reuter.

Russo-Turkish Relations

NEW YORK, Dec. 12.

Russian-Turkish relations have reached the firmest understanding since the outbreak of war, an Ankara dispatch to the "New York Times" said to-day. Quoting "High foreign sources" the dispatch added that it is possible that a unilateral or bilateral declaration of friendship may be made soon.

DR. ASHRAF CHALLENGES OFFICIALDOM

Quotes Mahatma And Nehru And Declares Congress Is Not Responsible For Out-break Of Arson And Sabotage

KARACHI, December 12.

The assertion that the brain behind the recent outbreak of arson and sabotage in the country was not of the Congress but the enemy fifth columnists, is made by Dr. K. M. Ashraf, Secretary of the Azad Muslim Board and former Secretary in charge of the Foreign Department of the A.I.C.C., in a statement to the Press.

Dr. Ashraf says: "The Congress is not and never have been a pro-Fascist body, but, on the other hand, its natural sympathies has always been with the Allies.

'The Congress denounced Fascist aggression, ever since Italy and Japan made encroachments on Abyssinia and China."

Continuing, he asserts that the A.I.C.C. resolution at Bombay did not initiate any movement, but only gave Gandhiji the authority of the Congress to negotiate with the Viceroy to convert the war into a people's war.

After recalling Gandhiji's threat to undertake a 'fast unto death' in the event of an outbreak of violence, Dr. Ashraf reveals Pandit Nehru's own attitude to the proposal for a movement of direct action as reflected in his address to the U.P. Congress Committee on August 1, and proceeds:

"At this meeting, Panditji reiterated his faith in and anxiety for the victory of the Chinese and the Russians and his undying hatred of the Japanese and the Axis Powers. I might add here that Pandit Nehru neither visualised the movement nor approved of it. He told us that peasants could not be persuaded to join even a peaceful movement, because there was bumper crop and rent collection in November. The Pandit also admitted that the Congress-hold on industrial workers and a large section of the students was little indeed, and that these bodies were under the influence of Communists. Pandit Nehru definitely added that thus 'struggle is ruled out, even though Government have made our position absolutely untenable'."

While regretting the widespread mischief in the country which, he observed, had now died down, Dr. Ashraf reiterates that the Congress had nothing to do with it and challenges others to prove the contrary.—United Press.

JAWAHAR'S SISTER REFUTES ASHRAF'S STATEMENT

BOMBAY, Dec. 12.

Mrs. Krishna Hutheesingh, sister of Pt. Jawaharlal Nehru, in a statement says:

"The statement Dr. K. M. Ashraf has made regarding Pt. Jawaharlal Nehru's attitude towards the Civil Disobedience movement is wholly incorrect. Pt. Jawaharlal was in complete agreement with Gandhiji regarding the starting of the campaign. This can be verified from the speeches Pt. Nehru made at the last session of the A.I.C.C. Dr. Ashraf was present at the A.I.C.C. and it is surprising, indeed, how he could have misunderstood Pt. Jawaharlal so completely".

Will Bhansali Give Up Fast?

Wardha Citizens' Move: Aney To Accompany Bhansali To Proceed To Chimur?

At a public meeting of the citizens of Wardha held on Thursday evening under the presidentship of Mr. G. B. Bajaj, former president of the Municipality, it was resolved, in consideration of the telegram received from Mr. Aney, that Prof. Bhansali should be requested to give up fast.

It was also decided that Mr. Aney should go to Wardha and then to Chimur along with Prof. Bhansali.

The following telegraphic communications are reported to have taken place between Prof. Bhansali and Hon. Mr. Aney, also Mr. K. M. Munshi:—

FROM HON. MR. ANEY TO PROF. BHANSALI

(1) Hon. Aney: "Pray give up fast, myself trying best what I deem proper, possible, with faith in God for success of righteous cause."

(2) To Hon. Aney: "Received wire. Thanks. Chastity of woman sacred, my cause righteous, purely holy, feel honour in giving life my life and cause in hands of God. Wish early success your efforts. Pray visit Chimur once and console sufferers."

(3) Hon. Mr. Aney: "Your telegram. Thanks (in). Wishing my humble efforts success. I think visiting Chimur in private capacity, merely to console sufferers can serve no useful purpose. Nevertheless I shall start, if I am assured that you will give up fast. Wire."

FROM PROF. BHANSALI TO HON. MR. ANEY.

Hon. Aney: "Wire received. Thanks. Even if you come in private capacity, we go to Chimur break fast and find out facts".—BHANSALI.

FROM MR. K. M. MUNSHI TO HON. MR. ANEY

"Pray start for Wardha; Bhansali will be induced to give up fast if you accompany him Chimur and hear people, even in private capacity. If my services necessary for persuading Bhansali I shall join at Wardha".—MUNSHI.

Sjt. Trivedi's Report

Sjt. Manu J. Trivedi, writing on 10th Dec. 1942, from People's Medical Hall, Wardha, states:—

"I have been privileged to examine Sjt. Bhansaliji daily and keep him under observation since 1st Dec. 1942, the 19th day of his fast. Considering that he has been without water for 15 days and has walked over 90 miles during those days, his present physical and mental condition is encouraging.

He is passing acetone in urine since 19th November. His average weight was 115 lbs. his weight on 5th Dec. was 88'5 lbs. It has not been possible to weigh him since then. He is not able to walk nor stand since 27th November. His voice has now become rather weak, though he is able to speak and express his wishes and thoughts without difficulty. He is not able to sit, nor does he like others to help him to sit even to drink water since yesterday. He had sound sleep for about five hours last night. This morning his pulse was 62, respiratory rate about 15; heart beats good though feeble; pulse volume better than yesterday. His Blood pressure was 80 systolic, and 55 diasolic. His present state of health is very weak. His mind and spirit are fresh. In a few days he may become so weak that even the giving up of the fast may not save his life."

U. S. LEASE-LEND SOARING UP

21 P. C. Of Supplies Sent To Soviet In October

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12.

President Roosevelt sent the following letter with his seventh Lease-Lend report to Congress on Friday, "Since my last report the war has entered a new phase.

During October about 21 per cent of all Lease Lend exports went to Russia. During the past years United States has sent 2,500,000 tons of goods to the Soviet Union, but so far not enough shipping space has been found to send as much food as Russia needs. American shipments to Russia in October were nine times those of January but not all these supplies have arrived.

Discussing the difficulties of sending supplies to China across the Himalayas President Roosevelt's report said, "We will find ways to send more". Many American requirements are being obtained by purchase from her Allies include mica from India and tungsten from China.

ELK HILLS OIL FOR NAVY

The United States Navy has taken over Elk Hills oilfields in California which is to be known as "Naval Oil Reserve Number One" it was announced on Friday.

The oilfields has minimum reserves of 3 million barrels. The price paid to the Standard Oil Company is 17,50,000 dollars, the purchase having the approval of President Roosevelt.

For five years the maximum production will be at the rate of 15,000 barrels daily after which only such oil will be produced as the navy directs.

Mr. W. W. Ladden, Chairman and Managing Director of Simpson and Company, Madras, has been appointed Sheriff of Madras for the ensuing year.

LEPROSY ANAESTHETIC & NODULAR TYPE

LEUCODERMA

Eczema, Psoriasis & 180 kinds of skin-diseases are cured radically by the well-tried external & internal medicines. Write for Particulars of treatment to the Specialist Physician—PANDIT RAM PRAN SHARMA.
P. O. HOWRAH—KUSTHA KUTIR HOWRAH,
Branch: 40, HARRISON ROAD, CALCUTTA.

MENSO

MENSO

Brings back menstrual flow in a day, no matter why and how long suppressed Rs. 2. LIBERTY—safest birth control, Rs. 2. Dr C. Bhattacharjee, H.M.D 40 years' experienced 120, Ashutosh Mukherjee Road, Calcutta or 264, Dasasswamedh Road, BENARES.

FREE

Send /4/- stamps first to get the miraculously effective medicines of any Sexual Disorder free for trial to get fully convinced of their action before spending and avoid deception as at other places. For secret details send -/4/- stamps for the book "Sexual Guide" (110 pages).

KAVIRAJ KHAZAN CHAND B.A.
Famous Sex Specialist and Gold Medalist
Chamberlain Road, Lahore 'Phone 4848.

FOR ALL AFGHAN PRODUCTS

Such as

"COTTON, WOOL, CAMEL, HAIR, GOAT HAIR, SHEEP & GOAT SKINS, GUTS, CASINGS, and DRY FRUITS, etc., etc."

ALWAYS REMEMBER TO REFER TO:—

"THE BANKE MILLIE AFGHAN, KABUL (Afghanistan)"

or

"THE AFGHAN NATIONAL BANK (India) Ltd.

Karachi, Peshawar, Chaman.

Leading Agents for all Afghan Concerns, who will guide you to the best of your interest.

DETECTIVE COMPETITION

In view of the fact that two competitors got Rs. 500/- each in the last competition, many requests have been received by us to give this time the most popular of all the competitions, viz., the Detective Competition as it appeals to all, young as well as the old, of both the sexes. For those who are taking part in our Competitions this is a good opportunity of putting their observation power and detective faculties to good and profitable use, as one stands to earn a considerable sum of money on spending only eight annas per entry and thus commence an auspicious New Year.

In the two series of pictures those marked A. B. C. . . . are the criminals. They are shown in their disguises in the Series numbered 1, 2, 3. Man may disguise himself as a woman or 'vice versa.' The faces are shown in almost the same position. They may be slightly lowered or raised but not turned sideways. You have to use your brains to penetrate through their disguises and pick out the criminals.

For instance, the woman shown in the illustration marked "H" has disguised herself and put on a man's dress as illustrated in No. 8. Therefore, we put No. 8 against "H" in the coupon.

You may similarly fill in the rest of the coupon and send as many entries as you like with annas eight per coupon before 6th January, 1943, subject to and observing the following rules:—

1. When you have filled in all the numbers, write your name and address in full, in block Capitals

2 All entries will be received at the counter during Office Hours from 10 a.m. to 6-30 p.m

3. Solution of this Competition will be accepted only on our entry coupons. Not more than one number should be entered against each letter

4. Insufficient Entrance Fee enclosed with entries will disqualify them

5. All entries must be received in this Office by the last Post on the closing date given below. Any entry received after this date will not be included in the competition

6. Corrected or mutilated entries or those having more than one number entered against any letter will be disqualified

7. In case of ties the Management reserves the right to distribute the Prize Money among the winning competitors in any manner they like

8. No responsibility is accepted for any entry coupon mislaid, lost or delayed. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt

9. In no case will any entrance fee or money sent with entry coupons be refunded or credited to another competition or account. No communication will be accepted and replied to if it is sent along with the entry coupon If any correspondence is sent along with the entries Competition Department will not be held responsible in any way

10. This Competition is run by the "Bombay Chronicle" Co., Ltd., but readers of the "Bombay Samachar" and the "Bombay Sentinel" can also take part in it This Competition has been licensed by the Collector of Bombay under Licence No 6 dated 12th May 1941

11. Under NO circumstances correspondence will be entered into or interviews granted in connection with this competition.

12. All Competitors enter this competition on the distinct understanding that the Competition Manager's decision is absolutely final and legally binding in all matters pertaining to this Competition This is an express condition of entry

Entries by Registered post should be addressed as under:—

COMPETITION MANAGER,
The Bombay Chronicle Co., Ltd.,
Red House,
Parsee Bazaar Street,
Fort, BOMBAY.

Entries by Ordinary Post should be addressed as under:—

Post Box No. 706 G. P.O. Bombay.

CLOSING DATE WEDNESDAY 6th JAN. 1943

....

Detective Competition. 13/12/42.

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N	O	P	Q	R
							8										

I have read the rules and conditions of this Competition and I agree to abide by them

Name .....

Address .....

.....

RUPEES 2,000 IN PRIZES

Detective Competition.
13/12/'42.

A	
B	
C	
D	
E	
F	
G	
H	8
I	
J	
K	
L	
M	
N	
O	
P	
Q	
R	

I have read the rules and conditions of this Competition and I agree to abide by them

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Detective Competition.
13/12/'42.

A	
B	
C	
D	
E	
F	
G	
H	8
I	
J	
K	
L	
M	
N	
O	
P	
Q	
R	

I have read the rules and conditions of this Competition and I agree to abide by them

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

.....

.....

Detective Competition.
13/12/'42.

A	
B	
C	
D	
E	
F	
G	
H	8
I	
J	
K	
L	
M	
N	
O	
P	
Q	
R	

I have read the rules and conditions of this Competition and I agree to abide by them

Name .....

Address .....

.....

"BOMBAY CHRONICLE" WEEKLY

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

	India.	Mofussil
Yearly	Rs 7-4	Rs 10-8
Half-yearly	Rs 3-8	Rs 5-8

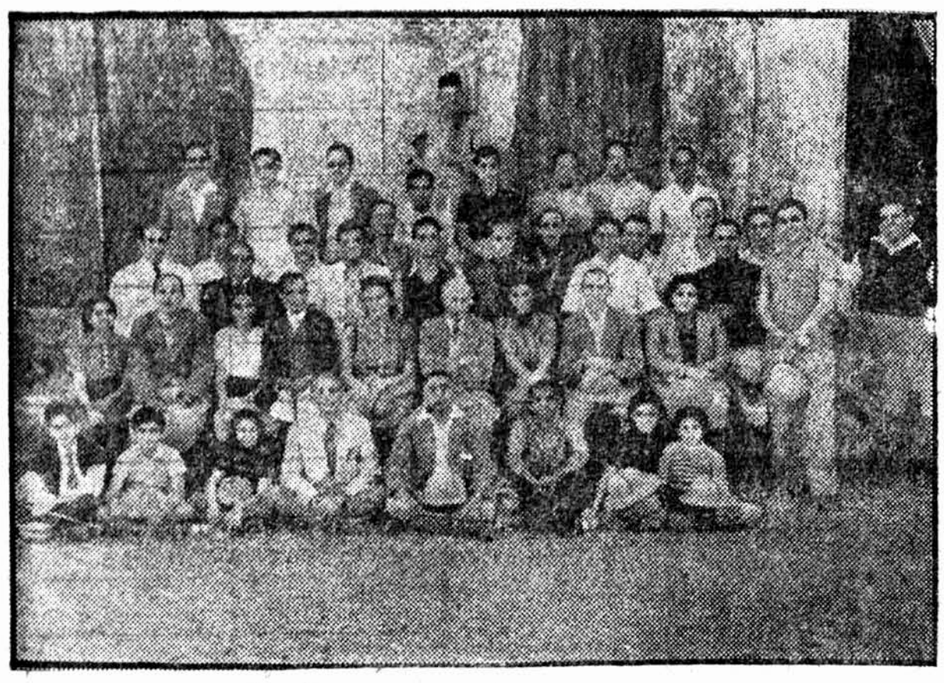
SINGLE COPY ANNAS

FOREIGN

Yearly	Rs 15
Half-yearly	Rs 10

PAYMENT STRICTLY IN ADVANCE

The Bombay Chronicle Weekly must be subscribed for not less than six months.



Group photo taken on the occasion of the First Cross Country Ride of the Amateur Riders' Club. Sir John Beaumont, Chief Justice of Bombay, (President of the Club) is seen seated in the centre.

ON THE SPORTS FIELDS— AND AROUND

(By "AL")

Details are already out about the Hockey Tournament proposed to be run by The Bombay Goan Athletic Association—a tournament confined only to Goan Villages and Sports Clubs. While this tournament, limited in its scope to a single community, has the blessings of the Bombay Provincial Hockey Association, the local Press has rightly condemned its sectarian aspect, and Bombay's Hockey fans not excluding a number of Goans themselves, have hardly taken too kindly to it either.

It is for this reason that I wish the promoters to take the advice that "Bobby" Talyarkhan has given in the "Bombay Sentinel" some days ago, and to abandon the idea of limiting the entries in the manner they intend. True, the Tournament is not sectarian or communal in the strict sense of the term, or as two other tournaments held in this city are; nevertheless, the very fact that it is restricted, even on a zonal basis, smacks of a certain aloofness which all true sportsmen will deprecate. Why not extend the invitation to all villages in the Bombay Province and give the Tournament a better name?

A Story—And Its Moral

And while on this subject of communalism in sport, I shall narrate a little story. It is a true story, an incident I witnessed myself some days ago on the B. P. H. A. ground. I narrate it not for its inherent humour, but for the subtle tragedy that lurks in it—the tragedy of associating the fault of an individual with the community to which the offender belongs, the tragedy of how communal prejudices come se surreptitiously into play even in games.

An Umpire on the field had overlooked two seeming off-sides; and when a third occurred, and this time a glaring one, a young Sikh, in all probability a student, voiced his resentment at this lapse to a pal at his side. "Well", replies his friend, "leave the Umpire aone—after all he is a Parsee!"

Now, this is the kind of remark that should not be permitted to be made, and what is more, this is the kind of spectator that should be hounded off from every sports field in India. The point to realise is that if an Umpire takes his stand on the field, he takes it as an Umpire and nothing else—certainly not as a Sikh or a Jew, a Christian or Parsee, Muslim or Hindu.

The fact, however, is that the offending Umpire in this case was not a Parsee at all—he was a Goan!

DR. B. N. DESAI, L. M. & S.
Wadifalia, SURAT.
HYDROCELE SPECIALIST.

WITHOUT OPERATION

Cures HYDROCELE at one sitting in 10 minutes from 1st to 6th every month in Sardar Griha Hotel Crawford Market, Bombay.

Details with certificates can be had on sending 3 annas stamps.

LUNEGON

FOR INSANITY, MENTAL BREAKDOWN, LOSS OF SLEEP, NEURASTHENIA, EPILEPSY, HYSTERIA, VIOLENT MANIA, HIGH BLOOD PRESSURE & ALL MENTAL & NERVOUS DISORDERS

For 60 years, millions of sufferers all over the world, have found LUNEGON an almost unfailing specific for all mental and nervous disorders. Used successfully by doctors, hospitals, lunatic asylums all over the world. It is a marvellous specific for insantity, relieving even the most inveterate cases. Contains no injurious and depressing drugs like Luminal, Chloral Hydrate, Potassic Bromides, Aspirin, Opium, Morphia, Henbane, etc. "LUNEGON" is a high-grade ethical product with an open formula. Makes you feel calm and poised in an hour and a new man or woman in a few days. Life today calls for "LUNEGON"—Keep a bottle always handy. Ask for free literature and open formula of "LUNEGON".

SOLE DISTRIBUTORS:- HERING & KENT
REAY HOUSE, OPP. LLOYDS BANK, HORNBY ROAD, BOMBAY.

Stockists: P. M. ZAVERI & CO.,
Princess, Street, BOMBAY.

Pancholi Brings 'Zamindar' On Friday Next

Mr. Dalsukh M. Pancholi is in the film news. He is about to make news when he releases his latest production "Zamindar" at New West End, Bombay, on Friday next.

Producer Pancholi

It was Dalsukh Pancholi who made "Khazanchi". And "Khazanchi" made his reputation. There was still some tendency to regard the film as a fluke. But "Khandaan" came to satisfy the cynic. The status of producer Pancholi, as a maker of box-office hits, was fully established.

It is not on these two productions alone that Pancholi's reputation rests. While "Khazanchi" and "Khandaan" were made for national release, Producer Pancholi has been running up a line of Punjabi films for local exhibition. Between the two classes, the only difference has been in the geography of their respective influence.

Neither is it only money that Producer Pancholi has made. He has made several reputations beside his own---music director Gulam Haider's, for instance.

And now comes his third national release, "Zamindar". It is no longer Mr. Pancholi the adventurer in the production field, who is presenting "Zamindar". It is a man of proved worth and sterling achievement, a man who has placed a great province at the forefront of a major industry.

FAIYAZKHAN'S NEW FIND

(By YESHWANT T. PARVATE)

A large and distinguished audience was present on Saturday, night at Muzafarabad Hall, when Faiyazkhan gave a concert of classical music. It was after a long time that Bombayites get such an opportunity. Puria, Nat yiha Kafi, Darbari Kanada and Bhairavin were the ragas sung by the Khansahib. Especially, Faiyazkhan was at his best when he sang Kaphi and Darbari, Kamurao Tabalji contributed greatly to the success of the programme by playing extraordinarily well.

It is good news to the lovers of music, that Faiyaz introduced his son Sharafat Hussein to the public. He sang Bihag and closely imitated his father. Ustads like Vilayat Hussein, Ata Hussein Latafat Hussein and Ratnakant praised him. This fine programme was arranged by the Musical Art Society.

On Sunday evening Navinya Kalattejak Mandal arranged two programmes, one was a dance by Miss Kamalini Naik and the other was vocal music by the well-known artist Roshan Ara Begum, desciple of Late Khansahib Abdul Karim Khan.

The former gave a fine dance performance, and proved that she has a good future. Roshan Ara began with Multani and carried on with Sarangi Misr Zinzoti, "Piya bin nahi avat chain" thumri, a Marathi pad and at last Bhairavin "Jamuna-ke-teere." Shamsuddin played very well on tabla Mr. Sushil Kavalekar announced that the next programme would be by Jyotsna Bhole, the well-known radio and stage artist of Natyaniketan fame.

Prabhat's Photographic Success

There is one department in which "Ten O'Clock" may safely be said to have improved on the high Prabhat standard itself. That department is cinematography. Here, again, it is a young man to whom the credit goes, Cameraman E. Mahomed is also a youth in his twenties, and this is also his first independent assignment.

In fact, the enthusiastic and healthy competition between these two youths—Director Nene and Cameraman Mahomed—is the star feature of "Ten O'Clock."

"Churiyan" In 6th Week At Roxy

The unexpected popularity of Prakash's latest Musical social "Churiyan" which now enters in its 5th week at the New West End, will not surprise those who have had an opportunity to see the picture.

Shantaram Begins Work

Now that the old Wadia Studio has been thoroughly renovated and redecorated, it really looks like "Rajkamal Kalamandir".

Free from making the preliminary arrangements of the studio, Producer-Director V. Shantaram has chalked out an ambitious programme for 1943 for "Rajkamal". According to his plan Rajkamal will produce three Pictures, two of which will go into production simultaneously in the next month.

Rajkamal's first offering as already announced will be "Shakuntala" based on the classic play by Kalidas which will be produced as well as directed by Shantaram, the cast and other details will be announced very soon.

The second picture will be a saint picture entitled "Garden of Devotion" depicting the life-story of Saint "Savanta Mali" a gardener Devotee of Maharashtra with an universal appeal and full of common day-to-day incidents like Tukaram and Dnyaneshwar.

After completing 'Shakuntala', Shantaram will start the production of "Swarga" (Heaven) a social comedy and satire of the type never attempted before. The preliminary paper work of the story is now complete.

Sundaay Morning Shows

Sunday show at 10-30 a.m. "The Lambeth Walk" featuring Lupine Lane will be the attraction at Strand.

"Mummy's Hand" will be shown at Kohinoor on Sunday morning at 10 at reduced admission prices.

Sunday 13th at 10-30 a.m. Ritz Brothers and Bela Lugosi in "The Gorilla" will be the attraction at Capitol.

The picture for the Sunday morning show at Palace is "Mata Hari" starring Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro.

Armed Gangsters Loot Marwari Shop

The "pedhi" of Mr. Chunilal Hansraj, a Marwadi merchant, situated at Narsi Natha Road, was the scene of a daring armed dacoity on Friday night. The culprits are alleged to have decamped with cash and ornaments together valued at Rs. 14,000.

Enquiries reveal that Mr. Chunilal with two of his assistants was counting cash when he was surprised to see three men enter his room armed with revolvers.

The intruders helped themselves with currency notes and other silver coins, at the point of revolvers. Mr. Tulsidas Sunderji tried catch one of the dacoits, when unfortunately he was fired at and received two bullet shots in his thigh. He was removed to the hospital.

The police are investigating into the matter.

RAMDAS ANANDASHRAM: The Bombay branch of Ramdas Anandashram (Kanhangad) at "Guruprasad", Talmakiwadi, Tardeo, Bombay, on Sunday last, condoled the sad and sudden demise of Sri B. P. Basrur, who was the Honorary Secretary of the Bombay Branch. Sri S. B. Nagarkatti was appointed Honorary Secretary with authority to operate on the Ramdas Anandashram, Bombay branch Savings Bank Account with the Indian Bank Ltd., Bombay.

City And Suburbs

LOCAL ENGAGEMENTS To-day

Hindu: Magsar Shud 6, 1999
Muslim: Jilhej 4, 1361
Parsi: Tir 10, 1312
Sunrise: 8-5 a.m. Sunset: 7-1 p.m.
Hightide: 3-42, 15-57. Lowtide: 10-04, 21-40

AMUSEMENTS OF THE DAY

AURORA—"Thief of Bagdad" 4, 6-30 and 10
APOLLO—"Jailor" 4-30, 7 and 10 p.m. To-day 2 p.m.
BROADWAY—"Ankh Michaoli" 4-30, 7-15 and 10 p.m. To-day 1-30 p.m.
CAPITOL—"Defeat of the Germans Near Moscow" 4, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m.
CENTRAL—"Ten O'Clock" 4, 7 and 10 p.m. To-day 10 a.m.
CHITRA—"Pardesi" 4-15, 7 and 9-45 p.m. To-day 1-30 p.m.
CITY LIGHT—"Doctor" 4-30, 7-15 and 10 p.m. To-day 2 p.m.
EDWARD—"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" 4, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m. To-day 10 a.m.
EXCELSIOR—"Back Room Boy" 3-30, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m.
HIND-MATA—"Bharat Milap" 4, 7 and 10 p.m. To-day 1 p.m.
IMPERIAL—"Jawab" 4, 7 and 10 p.m. To-day 1 p.m.
KOHINOOR—"Roti" 4, 7 and 10 p.m. To-day 1 p.m.
KRISHNA—"Meenakshi" 4, 7 and 10 p.m. To-day 1 p.m.
LAMINGTON—"Ek-Raat" 4, 7 and 10 p.m. To-day 1 p.m.
LIGHT HOUSE—"Aloma of the South Seas" 4-30, 7 and 10 p.m.
MAJESTIC—"Basant" 3-30, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m. To-day 12-30 p.m.
METRO—"Married Bachelor" 3-30, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m.
MINERVA—"Bhakta Kabir" 3-30, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m. To-day 12-45 p.m.
NEW EMPIRE—"Beyond the Blue Horizon" 3-30, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m.
NOVELTY—"Vasant Sena" 4, 7 and 10 p.m. To-day 1 p.m.
OPERA HOUSE—"Chandni" 4, 7 and 10 p.m. To-day 1-30 p.m.
PALACE—"Joan of Paris" 4, 6-30 and 10
REGAL—"Ghost of Frankenstein" 4, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m.
ROXY—"Mera Gaon" 3-30, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m. To-day 1 p.m.
STRAND—"Flight from Destiny" 3-30, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m.
SUPER—"Gora Kumbhar" 4-15, 7 and 9-45 p.m. To-day 1-30 p.m.
SWASTIK—"Damaji" 3-30, 6-30 and 9-30 p.m. To-day 1 p.m.
WEST-END—"Churiyan" 5, 7-30 and 10 p.m. To-day 2-30 p.m.

In Aid Of Ramakrishna Mission Cyclone Relief Fund

A musical entertainment at the Vanamali Hall, Dadar, at 9-30 a.m. in aid of the Bengal and Orissa Cyclone Relief. Kumari Juthika Ray, Mr. K. C. Dey, Mr. Ramachandra Pal, Mr. Pannalal Ghose, Mr. Manidas-Gupta and others will entertain the audience. Sir Sitaram S. Patkar will open the ceremony. Few tickets of Rs. 3 and also Rs. 5 to 25 are available at the gate of the Vanamali Hall, Dadar from 7 a.m.

SUBURBAN MUSIC CIRCLE: A concert at 4 p.m. (S.T.) in the Vimalanand Koppikar Hall, Saraswat Colony, Santa Cruz, when Pandit Omkarnath Thakur will entertain the members to Vocal music.

UNITED LODGE OF THEOSOPHISTS: "Are Dreams but Idle Visions?" will be the subject of a public lecture at Jehangir Wadia Building, opposite Flora Fountain, to-day at 6-15 p.m.

BOMBAY SPIRITUAL CENTRE: Shri Viswanath Keskar Maharaj of Anand Peeth, Nasik, will give an interesting discourse on "Laws and Rules of Discipleship" at 5 p.m. to-day.

RAMAKRISHNA VIVEKANANDA CENTRE: Swami Sambuddhananda will conduct a class on 'Kena Upanishad' at 5-30 p.m. to-day at the Centre premises at 64, Portuguese Church Street, Dadar, B. B. and C. I. Railway.

CANARA WELFARE CRICKETERS: The second annual general meeting of the members of the Club, will be held in the premises of the Club, 59 Ghoga Street, 1st Floor, Fort, to-day at 1-30 p.m.

BOMBAY TEXTILE CLERKS' UNION: A special general meeting of the Bombay Textile Clerks' Union to-day at 10 a.m. in the Assembly Hall of the Parel High School, Parel (near Nare Park).

BOMBAY TAXI DRIVERS' CO-OPERATIVE CONSUMERS' SOCIETY LTD.: The annual general meeting of the Bombay Taxi Drivers' Co-operative Consumers' Society Ltd., will be held at Blavatsky Lodge, French Bridge, to-day at 1 p.m.

SARASWATI COMMERCIAL INSTITUTE: The eighth annual gathering and prize distribution of Saraswati Commercial Institute will take place to-day at 4 p.m. (S.T.) at R. M. Bhatt High School Hall, Parel, under the presidentship of Mrs. Lilavati K. Munshi, M.L.A.

BAND AT PARSI COLONY, DADAR: The band of the Bombay City Police will play a programme of music at the Parsi Colony, Dadar, to-day commencing from 6-30 to 8-30 p.m. (S.T.).

LAXMI TUTORIAL & COMMERCIAL INSTITUTE: The tenth annual social gathering and prize distribution will be held at Vanmali Hall B. B., Dadar, to-day at 4-30 p.m. Mr. N. V. Modak, City Engineer will preside and Mrs. Modak will distribute the prizes. Principal Naralkar of the Podar College of Commerce will address the gathering.

RADICAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY: A general meeting of the Party will be held to-day at 5 p.m. at the terrace of Lady Jamshetji Road Post Office Building, Dadar.

B. B. & C. I. RAILWAY EMPLOYEES' CONFERENCE: The 23rd annual conference of the B. B. and C. I. Railway Employees' Union will be held to-day and Monday at Ajmer. Capt. E. J. Austin, the Staff Officer will inaugurate the Conference and Mr. G. Guruswami B.A., General Secretary, All-India Railwaymen's Federation will preside.

TELEGRAMS TO MEXICO: Mexican administration notifies that foreign telegrams are accepted at the risk of senders without any right of claiming refund.

N. R. Sarker's Proposals To Meet Food And Cloth Demand

Bombay Visit Leaves Him Hopeful

BOMBAY, Saturday.

On the eve of his departure from Bombay, the Hon. Mr. N. R. Sarker, Commerce Member, of the Government of India, made the following statement at a press conference:—

I have greatly enjoyed my visit to Bombay this time and it has also proved very fruitful. I have had occasion to meet representatives of the various commercial organizations and of the Bombay Government, to hear their opinions and suggestions, and have also explained to them on my part the position and viewpoint of the Government of India. This interchange of opinion has, I hope, contributed lot towards mutual appreciation and understanding of each other's viewpoint. I am also grateful to Bombay for the hospitality extended to me while I was in Bombay.

FOOD PROBLEM IN BOMBAY

The most complicated problem I have had to deal with is that of food. The food position in this province is undoubtedly serious. It is a deficit province in all the three important food grains, viz. wheat, rice and jowar-bajra. We had been expecting a surplus in jowar-bajra as a result of the "Grow More Food" campaign in Bombay. Late rains have, however, belied even this expectation. To meet the present situation in Bombay, these foodgrains have to be imported from Provinces where they may be available. If we are to adequately tackle the food problem, the sincere co-operation of all the food-producing areas is essential. Only if all the provinces regard this problem as an all-India one, it can be grappled with success.

RATIONING IN CITIES

I realise that the control scheme of the Central Government has revealed in its actual working many deficiencies and the Government of India have decided to institute measures to remove them. The Government's present policy is to continue with the control schemes and increase their efficiency. I am calling very soon a Conference of the representatives of Provincial Governments with the object of devising ways and means for procuring foodgrains from producing areas and then distributing them properly. The enthusiastic co-operation of the public is also an essential requirement if the food position is to be improved. Unnecessary waste of food should be avoided wherever possible. In big Industrial cities, again, even rationing may be necessary.

GROW MORE FOOD CAMPAIGN

The export of foodgrains outside India has already been reduced to a minimum. In future, India's requirements will receive the first consideration and exports may be allowed only when India's demands have been met. In regard to importation of foodgrains into India, nothing is, of course, possible in respect of rice and jowar-bajra. I am, however, doing my best to obtain wheat from outside, and I hope to be successful. The main positive remedy to meet the wartime difficulties is to vigorously pursue the "Grow More Food" campaign, and to this end, the Government of India would be glad to offer all reasonable assistance.

SUPPLY OF CLOTH

Another serious problem is the supply of cloth to the civilian population particularly the poorer section of the public. Not only is supply much short, but prices have also gone up beyond the means of poorer people. To relieve this situation, it may be necessary to make drastic reductions in respect of exports from India. Further, production will have to be increased either by working double shifts or by changing specifications. Lastly, standard cloth at a cheaper price should be produced for supply to poorer people. The millowners have kindly agreed to manufacture certain quantities of standard cloth, but they insisted that the Provincial Governments should undertake financial responsibility and also be responsible for the distribution of standard cloth in such a way that only the poorer sections in society derive benefit from its manufacture.

STANDARD CLOTH

It has not been possible to devise a scheme satisfying the above two conditions. The millowners have now agreed to arrange for proper distribution of standard cloth through a statutory organization formed on their responsibility subject to necessary Government control and supervision. Details are being worked out for establishing such an organization. And in the meantime they have agreed to manufacture the indents already sent to them by the Central Government so that as soon as the distributing organization would be completed, the standard cloth may be made available to the poorer sections of the public. I hope it will be on the market by February next.

The possibilities of enlarging the scope of the handloom industry are also engaging my attention. This will depend largely on the quantity of yarn available. In this connection I shall be happy to consider any scheme for the enlarged production of handspun yarn.

Referred Back To Trial Court

Finding, that the record of evidence did not disclose whether in prohibitory order had been duly promulgated, Mr. Justice Wadia and Mr. Justice Sen, at the Bombay High Court, referred back to the trial Court, the case in which M. D. Pusalkar, pleader, was sentenced to 9 months' S. I. and a fine of Rs. 100 passed by First Class City Magistrate, Dhalia, for taking part in an illegal procession.

BYRAMJEE JEEJEEBHOY PARSI CHARITABLE INSTITUTION: Annual athletic sports and physical training display at the Cooperage, 3-30 p.m. Sir Vithal Chandavarkar will prrside and Lady Chandavarkar will distribute the trophies.

Sir Roger Lumley (Bombay Provincial Chief Scout) awards a 'Gilt Cross' for gallantry to Rover Dosabhai Engineer of the Talatis 8th Bombay Group, in rescuing a girl from drowning.

LIEUTENANT FINED RS. 25

BOMBAY, Saturday.

Found guilty of disorderly behaviour in a public street after being drunk, a British lieutenant was fined Rs. 25 by the Chief Presidency Magistrate at the Esplanade Court to-day.

An English sailor was also fined Rs. 25 for a similar offence by the same Magistrate. In default of the fine he was ordered to undergo two days' rigorous imprisonment.

Sentenced For Two Offences

BOMBAY, Saturday.

Kirtilal Ambalal Shah who was arrested on August 12 being found in possession of prejudicial reports, and writing unauthorised wordings on Vithalbhai Patel Road was convicted and sentenced to pay a fine of Rs. 150/- or in default to undergo one month rigorous imprisonment by Mr. I. S. Haji, Presidency Magistrate, Mazagaon Court, to-day.

The same accused K. A. Shah during the course of bail period was found loitering near Wilson High School and instigating students not to attend school. was arrested on 1st September under Defence of India Rules and was sentenced to-day to further one month's rigorous imprisonment and a fine of Rs. 60 or in default 2 weeks' rigorous imprisonment.

MAHARS' MEETING: Public meeting of Mahar community at the Naigaum Maidan 5-30 p.m. under the auspices of the Mahar Recruitment Board. Mr. C. H. Bristow, Adviser to the Governor of Bombay will preside.

HALDANKAR'S 61ST BIRTHDAY: The 61st birthday of Mr. S. L. Haldankar, the well-known portrait painter at Anand Bhawan Hall, Girgaon at 9-30 a.m. Mr. Justice S. N. Lokur, will preside.

DALSUKH M. PANCHOLI

Gives a new richness to the Screen with his latest creation

A PANCHOLI ART PICTURE

OPENS NEXT FRIDAY, 3 P.M.

AT NEW WEST END

Advance Booking from Next Tuesday

A "FAMOUS PICTURES LTD." RELEASE

ROMANCE TUNED TO REALITY in

Director: RAJA NENE'S MAIDEN TRIUMPH—

Hindi: DUS BAJE

Marathi: DAHA VAJTA

Ten O'clock

4th Week at CENTRAL

To-day's shows: HINDI: 4 & 7.
MARATHI: 10 a.m. and 1 and 10 p.m.

Book in advance.

LATEST COMMERCIAL

COTTON

MARCH
New York, Dec. 12.

Previous closing	18.80
To-day's opening	18.80
Difference	nil

CROSS RATES

T. T. NEW YORK ON LONDON
New York, Dec. 12

Previous closing	4.03 3/4
To-day's opening	not received

T T LONDON ON NEW YORK
London, Dec. 12.

Previous closing 4.02 1/2 sellers: 4.03 1/2 buyers.
To-day's opening 4.02 1/2 sellers: 4.03 1/2 buyers.
To-day's closing 4.02 1/2 sellers: 4.03 1/2 buyers.

LONDON COMMODITIES

SEEDS
London, Dec. 12.

Castorseeds Bombay December/January (£29 quoted) closed
Linseed Calcutta December/January (£23 quoted) closed
Linseed La Plata December/January unquoted.
Groundnut Coromandal December/January East Coast Indian shipment (£24 1/2 quoted) £24 1/2. West Coast Indian shipment (£25 1/2 quoted) closed

LONDON METALS
Electric Copper (£62) closed
Lead (£25) closed
Glasgow Iron No. 3 (131 sh.) closed

LONDON BULLION

LONDON GOLD
London, Dec. 12.

London Gold (£8-5-0) closed

LONDON SILVER
London, Dec. 12.

Spot (23 1/2d) closed
Forward (23 1/2d) closed

CROSS RATES
London, Dec. 12.

London on Bombay (1-5 1/32 sellers 1-5 31/32 buyers) 1-6 1/32 sellers 1-5 31/32 buyers
New York on Bombay (30.36) 30.36

DISCOUNTS

3 months (1 1/32 to 1 1/16 per cent) 1 1/32 to 1 1/16 per cent
4 months (1 1/16 to 1 1/4 per cent) 1 1/16 to 1 1/4 per cent
6 months (1 1/16 to 1 1/8 per cent) 1 1/16 to 1 1/8 per cent

LONDON STOCK EXCHANGE

London, Dec. 12.

The London Stock Exchange was closed to-day.

FAVOURITE WINS KING EMPEROR'S CUP

CALCUTTA, Dec. 12.

The Piece De Resistance of Calcutta racing programme, the King Emperor's Cup, was won by the favourite, Mr. F. C. J. Stewarts' Wansfell. The following is the detailed result:—

THE KING EMPEROR'S CUP.—Distance 1 mile.

Mr F C J Steuart's WANSFELL 9-3 Ermer 1
H H the Maharaja of Idar's FULHAM 9-3 Brace 2
H H the Dowager Laxmibai Chhatrapati Maharani of Kolhapur's SALMON BAR 9-3 Stead 3
Mr B K Poddar's BISTOLFI 9-3 Lott 4

All twelve ran

Also ran: Finalist 9-3, Let Slip 9-3, Kel Obro 9-3, Darktolly 9-3, Kinkou 9-3, Theogundi 9-3, Cave Man 9-3, An Apple A Day 9-3,
Won by: Neck, 3/4 length, 1 1/2 lengths,
Time: 1 minute 38 2/5 seconds.
Tote paid: Win Rs. 22. Places Rs. 14, Rs. 11/8 and Rs. 35.
Bettings: 5/4 Wansfell, 9/2 Finalist.
Favourite: Wansfell.
Winner trained by Edwards.

Bombay X'mas Meeting Fourth Day

Ratifier Wins Wadia Gold Cup

Punters Again On Debit Side

(From Our Racing Correspondent)

The usual big number of punters who attended the races at Mahalaxmi to-day were again on the debit side.

The Baroda-owned RATIFIER, Britt astride, scored stylish victory in the Wadia Gold Cup from the neglected "Sitara" and "Night Sentry." GREETINGS had many supporters but she was not in a mood to gallop.

Trainer Northmore gained a double for his patron, the Maharaja of Kashmir. The riding honours were shared by Kheem Singh, West, Rook, Southey, B. Khalil, Mull Singh, Britt, Morley and Roberts.

Fourteen nominators of the double event collected Rs. 1,033-8-0 each and as many as 69 punters, who nominated the treble event, collected each Rs. 455|-.

The following are the results.

THE BUSHIRE PLATE Division III—Distance 6 furlongs.

Mr. R. J. Sigtia's CHAUVE SOURIS 8-3 Kheem Singh 1
Mr. A. P. Craib's TIGRIS 9-0 P. Khade 2
H. H. The Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda's GUIDING STAR 8-10 Russi Mullan 3
Mr. F. A. Banaji's SIALKOT 8-13 Y. Mahomed 4

Not run: Alexander
Won by: 1 length, 2 lengths, head
Tote paid: Win Rs. 39. Places Rs. 18, 17, and Rs. 18.
Time: 1 minute 25 3/5 seconds
Favourite Chauve Souris
Winner Trained by A. L. J. Talib.

THE BUSHIRE PLATE. Division II.—Distance 6 furlongs.

Mr V M A Rahiman's INTIDHAR AL SHABAB 8-13 West 1
Mrs E M Bleach's SHANGHAI 9-0 Rook 2
Mr Daud Shaul's KING KU 8-3 Morley ... 3
Mr F A Banaji's GREY PRINCE 9-0 Faruq Shah 4

Not run: Silver Arrow.
Won by 2 lengths, 1/2 length, 1 length.
Time: 1 minute 26 seconds.
Tote paid: Win Rs. 41. Places Rs. 16, Rs. 28 and Rs. 24.
Favourite: Intidhar al Shabab.
Winner trained by A. Selvaratnam.

THE BUSHIRE PLATE. Division I.—Distance 6 furlongs.

Mr P D Pandole's MAHA 8-10 Rook 1
The Maharaja of Parlakimedi's THARAR 8-10 B McQuade 2
Mr R J Sigtia's SOLFERINO 8-3 Evans 3
Messrs C N Permanand and Sayid Talib's JOWDAT AL IRAQ 8-10 V Jadhav 4

Not run: Janab.

Won by: Short head, 1/2 length, 1/2 length.
Time: 1 minute 25 1/5 seconds.
Tote paid: Win Rs. 202. Places Rs. 56, Rs. 47 and Rs. 21.
Winner trained by M. Dhalla.

THE SHAHPUR PLATE.—Distance 1 1/4 miles.

Mr J A Grimshaw's PROMINENT 9-2 Southey 1
Mr H Fazalbhoy's TAP DANCE 8-0 Mullsingh 2
Maharaj Kumar Udayasinhrao Gaekwar and Khanderao Gaekwar of Baroda's MOHANMALA 8-9 Morley 3
Mr Osman Chotani's OSMAN PASHA 8-4 Raffaele 4

Not run: Hari Singh.
Won by: Neck, 1/2 length, 1 length.
Time: 2 minutes 11 seconds.
Tote paid: Win Rs. 80. Places Rs. 28, Rs. 32 and Rs. 26.
Winner trained by D W Balfour.

THE H.M.I.S.N. BENGAL PLATE.—Distance 6 furlongs.

H H the Maharaja of Kashmir's FLUTTER 8-8 Khalil 1
Mr S A Rashid's HAN 9-0 U Singh 2
Mr B A Thorstenson's GALLO 7-9 P Khade 3
Captain A Svamvur's COLUMN TWO 8-6 Mohd. Khan 4

Not run: Panch Kalyan.
Won by: Head, 3/4 length, 1/2 length.
Time: 1 minute 17 2/5 seconds.
Tote paid: Win Rs. 94. Places Rs. 33, Rs. 24 and Rs. 27.
Winner trained by F W Northmore.

THE MANJRI PLATE.—Distance 6 furlongs.

Sir Sultan Chinoy's MARY 8-4 Mullsingh 1
Messrs M H Ahmedbhoy and Chandulal J Shah's CHANDRIKA 8-4 Evans 2
Messrs G Dharamsey and A H Ahmedbhoy's TEMPTATION 8-4 B McQuade 3
H H the Maharaja of Kashmir's MAGIC MAID 8-4 Morley 4

All ran.
Won by: 1/2 length, 1 1/2 lengths, 3 lengths.
Time: 1 minute 19 seconds.
Tote paid: Win Rs. 102. Places Rs. 20, Rs. 14 and Rs. 26.
Winner trained by Mahomedalli.

THE C. N. WADIA GOLD CUP.—Distance 1 1/4 miles.

H H the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda's RATIFIER 8-6 Britt 1
Mr A S Tyebjee's SITARA 8-2 West 2
Mr E P A Fernando's NIGHT SENTRY 7-7 Meekings 3
Mr P B Avasia's MARCHEUX 8-3 Sibbritt 4

All ran.
Won by: 1/2 length, 1 1/2 lengths, 1 1/2 lengths.
Time: 2 minutes 6 2/5 seconds.
Tote paid: Win Rs. 33. Places Rs. 22, Rs. 63 and Rs. 44.
Winner trained by M C Patel.

THE BATHURST PLATE.—Distance 1 1/4 miles.

H H the Maharaja of Kashmir's DESERT SUNRISE 9-4 Morley 1
Messrs E D Pandole, G. A. Jasdanwalla and Moosa M Hoosein's MISTY ISLAND 7-11 Raffaele 2
Mr R J Congreve's RATH 7-9 Meekings .. 3
Mr G L Shinde's GIPSY SONG 8-9 Chavan 4

Not run: Tatter-Sol and Wonderful.
Won by: 1 length, 1/2 length, neck.
Time: 2 minutes 10 2/5 seconds.
Tote paid: Win Rs. 38. Places Rs. 21, Rs. 55 and Rs. 31.
Winner trained by F W Northmore.

THE MAHIM PLATE.—Distance 7 furlongs.

The Thakore Saheb of Lathi and Mrs. D. M. Mistry's ISHTAY 8-0 B McQuade 1
Messrs F A Khairaz and P A d'Avoine's LION TAMER 9-2 Evans 2
Mr A Fatah's MEHJABIN 8-0 Southey ... 3
H H the Maharaja Gaekwar of Baroda's MOSS 8-13 E Britt 4

Not run: Pay Master and Sweetness.
Won by: 1 1/4 lengths, 1 length, 1/2 length.
Time: 1 minute 29 3/5 seconds.
Tote paid: Win Rs. 157. Places Rs. 43, Rs. 36 and Rs. 18.
Winner trained by D M Mistry.

A.-I. BADMINTON CHAMPIONSHIPS

The following are the results of Saturday evening's engagements in the All-India Badminton Championships held at the Bombay Gymkhana:—

R. Pereira beat K. R. Lotwalla 7—15, 15—12 15—12.

Miss M. R. Vimadalal and Miss A. R. Vimadalal beat Miss V. Desai and Miss M. R. Chinoy 11—15, 15—12, 18—17

Miss A. K. Dadyburjor and Miss F. Talyarkhan beat Miss P. D'Lima and Miss Vachha 15—9 15—10

V. A. Madgavkar and S. Bannerjee beat L. I. Pereira and C. K. Menon 15—7, 11—15, 15—9

W. Dukle beat M. S. Dhavle 8-15, 15—10, 15—8.

G. D. Patwardhan beat K. R. Seth 15—1, 15—2.

K. M. Rangnekar beat Bhupinder 15—8, 12—15, 15—10

W. Dukle and M. N. Desai beat S. Khanna and P. Gosh 15—11, 8—15, 15—12.

B. D. Shroff beat B. S. Agaskar 12—15, 15—11, 15—3.

A. V. Ullal beat M. N. Desai 15—5, 12—15, 17—15

B. P. Koppikar walk over Orissa 'A'

K. R. Lotwalla and V. N. Iyer beat A. S. Khan and S. Hameeduzzafar 15—16, 18—14

C. Gomes and R. Pereira drew with S. L. Jaini and Bhupinder.

The following are the matches for to-day (Sunday) evening:—

Court No 1:—

5-30 p.m. C. Gomms v Prakash Nath (Punjab).

5-50 p.m. C. K. Menon v. V. A. Madgavkar (Bengal).

6-10 p.m. M. D'Souza v. Punjab 'A'

6-30 p.m. S. D. Kabade (Belgaum) v. Ashok Nath.

6-50 p.m. K. M. Rangnekar and R. N. Kanga v. B. D. Shroff and V. A. Paranjpe.

7-20 p.m. V. V. Natu and M. S. Dhavle (Poona) v. B. C. Dutt and Partner.

Court No. 2:—

5-30 p.m. B C. Dutt (Punjab) v. V. N. Iyer.

6 p.m. Miss T. Deodhar (Poona) v. Miss F. Talyarkhan.

6-20 p.m. J. R. Vimadalal v. Davinder Mohan (Punjab).

7 p.m. G. D. Patwardhan and D. C. Mugwe v. Punjab 'D' Pair.

7-20 p.m. Miss A. N. Other and C. Gomms v. Mrs. S. Herenjal and C. K. Menon.

ON THE AIR

SUNDAY, DEC. 13.

Delhi I—Programme

338.6 metres (886 kc/s)

5 p.m. Ramzan Khan. 5-20 Gulab Bai and Afzal Husain. 5-30 Zinda Hasan. 5-40 R. R. Chowdhury: 5-50 Usha Saxena: 6 Bismillah and party. 6-45 Gulab Bai. 6-55 Flute recital. 7 Listeners' letters. 7-15 R. R. Chowdhury. 7-25 Zinda Hasan: 7-30 Programme parade. 7-45 For villagers only. 8-30 Gulab Bai. 8-40 Afzal Husain: 8-45 Delhi radio orchestra. 8-55 Jawabi Hamla. 9-30 B B C news. 9-45 Caravanserai. 10 A classical concert. 10-45 Gulab Bai.

Bombay I—Programme

244 metres (1,231 kc/s)

8 a.m. Instrumental duet. 8-5 News in Hindustani. 8-15 News in English. 8-30 A light selection. 8-50 News in Marathi. 9 News in Gujarati. 9-10 Film tunes on clarionet. 9-30 Vazir Bai. 9-50 Hamid Husain. 10 Bhikaran: 11 Air orchestra: 11-15 Purushottam Solankurkar. 11-30 News-play (Marathi). 11-45 Kusum Shroff and sisters. 12-5 V. A. Kagalkar. 12-30 Vinodini Desai. 12-45 News in Marathi. 12-50 News in Gujrati. 12-55 News in Hindustani. 1 Latafat Husain. 1-30 News in English. 1-40 Lunch-hour music. 5 To-morrow. 5-5 Purushottam Solankurkar. 5-30 M. V. Saraf: 5-35 Vazir Bai. 5-55 Local news and announcements. 6 Latafat Husain. 6-30 News in English. 6-40 News in Hindustani. 6-45 News commentary (Hindustani). 6-50 Pinakin Trivedi. 7 Vinodini Desai. 7-15 Purushottam Solankurkar. 7-30 Vazir Bai. 7-45 News in Marathi. 7-55 News in Gujarati. 8-5 Pinakin Trivedi. 8-15 Instrumental duets. 8-30 Our universities 8-45 News-play. 9 News in Hindustani. 9-20 News in English. 9-30 B B C news relay. 9-45 Caravanserai. 10 London philharmonic orchestra.

Bombay II—Programme

49.3 metres (6,085 kc/s.)

8 to 8-5 a.m. As in Bombay 1. 8-5 Marathi bhavgeets. 8-15 to 8-50 As in Bombay 1. 8-50 Jaltarang Solo. 9 Interlude. 9-10 to 10-30 As in Bombay 1.

41.44 metres (7,240 kc/s)

11 a.m. to 2-30 p.m. As in Bombay 1.

49.3 metres (6,085 kc/s.)

5 to 7-15 As in Bombay 1. 7-15 Interval.

89.15 metres (3,365 kc/s.)

7-30 Commercial news. 7-45 V. A. Kagalkar. 8-5 to 9 As in Bombay 1. 9 Latafat Husain. 9-25 Vinodini Desai. 9-40 V. A. Kagalkar. 10 Bazm-I-Mushara. 10-30 V. A. Kagalkar.

RANJI TROPHY

Bihar Makes 247 For Six At End Of First Day's Play

CALCUTTA, Dec. 12.

A delightful breeze and a bright sun smiling on the green carpet of the Eden Gardens provided a beautiful setting for the Ranji Trophy match between Bihar and Bengal which commenced this morning. The visitors enjoyed the luck of the toss and opened their innings with S. Bagchi and Edmunds to the bowling of S. Mustafi and Maharaja of Cooch Behar. The attendance was quite good.

By close of play Bihar had made 247 runs for six wickets.

BIHAR FIRST INNINGS

Edmunds l.b.w. b. K. Bhattacharjee	1
Bagchi l.b.w. b. P. D. Dutt	75
Kalyan Bose c. Templin b. P. D. Dutt	24
S. Banerjee (sr.) l.b.w b. N. Chatterjee	15
S. Banerjee (jr.) c. S. Dutt b. Cooch Behar	34
Kumar b. Mustafi	3
B. Sen batting	47
K. Ghosh batting	29
Extras	21
Total (for 6 wckts.)	247

—A. P.

TALL SCORING AT THE STADIUM

BOMBAY, Saturday.

Fairly good batting performance was witnessed when the Maharashtra Cricket Association team which has come to Bombay from Poona under the Captainship of the veteran cricketer Prof. Deodhar, encountered the Cricket Club of India at the Brabourne Stadium to-day. The visitors batting fast put up a tall total of 272 with only 5 wickets down. This was due to the splendid second-wicket partnership between M. V. Pandit and Nimbalkar, each of whom contributed 77 and 48 respectively. The match continues on Sunday.

The score:—

MAHARASHTRA CRICKET ASSOCIATION

S W Sohoni self-out b Botawala	21
M V Pandit c Gajendre Singh b V Merchant	77
B B. Nimbalkar st b Barodavala	48
M N Paranjpye l-b-w b Botavala	28
Sarwate	35
Gajali c wicket-keeper b Merchant	41
Deodhar not-out	11
Extras	11
Total (for 5 wickets)	272

War Time Prices of Jabakusum Hair Oil

JABAKUSUM HAIR OIL (2 oz. Phial)		JABAKUSUM HAIR OIL (8 oz. Phial)	
One phial	Rs. 1/4/-	One phial	Rs. 4/8/-
One Doz.	Rs. 13/8/-	One Doz.	Rs. 50/12/-
3 Doz.	Rs. 40/8/-	3 Doz.	Rs. 152/4/-
1 Gross	Rs. 162/-		

The above increase in prices comes into effect on and from the 9th December, 1942.

No commission will be allowed to our Mofussil agents on and from the same date

C. K. SEN & CO. LTD.
JABAKUSUM HOUSE
34. CHITTARANJAN AVENUE
CALCUTTA.

IT'S TIME TO ATTACK JAPAN!

A WEEK OF WAR

By N. G. JOG

December, 11.

After the hectic tempo of November the war seems to be dragging wearily in December.

After the fever of rapid successes comes the fret of hope deferred. Final, complete victory which will clear out the Axis from the African soil yet eludes the Allies.

The twenty miles of Nazi-dominated Tunisia still separate Generals Eisenhower and Anderson from the Mediterranean life-line. Helped by a difficult terrain and timely rains and excellently served by the Luftwaffe, General Nehring has organised a stubborn defence, which has succeeded in holding up the Anglo-American advance for the last two weeks. Not merely that but he also launched a violent offensive at the beginning of last week and succeeded in occupying Djedeida

Since then considerable reinforcements have reached General Anderson and the Anglo-American air force is now gradually contesting the supremacy in the Tunisian skies. Though there are no signs yet of any decisive assault on the Axis positions, the Allies are adopting offensive tactics to draw out the enemy. Their reconnaissance parties, fighting patrols and paratroops are constantly busy and a detachment of the latter is reported to have played havoc within ten miles of Tunis.

There are no indications that General Alexander has completed his preparations at El Agheila either and the lull there is occasionally broken only by minor forays. The main problem confronting the Eigth Army is, of course to establish a sound line of supply across the hundreds of miles of the Western Desert. That complicated task is being methodically accomplished and General Montgomery seemed to be in great spirits when he gave an interview to an American correspondent recently.

Hitler's Anxiety

After paying a no more than deserved tribute to Marshal Rommel, General Montgomery observed: "The battle about to begin will be one of the decisive battles in history. It will be the turning point in the war and will swing our way. It may be a hard battle and the Germans will fight, but we shall drive the Boche out of Africa. There is no alternative". The optimism is justified and "Monty" has already proved his capacity to deliver the goods. The earlier easy expectations of an accelarating collapse of the Axis are, however, already belied and there are little prospects of the victorious troops enjoying their Christmas turkey in Tripoli as fondly imagined by some.

Indeed, if the fierce resistance of the German forces in the strategically hopeless Bizerta-Tunis sector affords us any inkling in Hitler's mind, it is obvious that he is determined to fight to the last inch of his African foothold. The risks he is taking in rushing reinforcements to Rommel and Nehring proves that whatever hopes he may or may not have about a successful resistance in Tripoli and Tunisia against such ever-growing odds, he has at any rate realised the supreme necessity of delaying the Allied sweep of North Africa as long as possible.

His anxiety is naturally more about Italy than Tripoli or Tunisia. A crack in Italian morale is all too evident and the recent concentrated attacks on their key cities have given the Italians a foretaste of what is still to come. There is every danger that faced with the imminent possibility of invasion after the occupation of Tripoli, the Italians may collapse altogether and seek a separate peace, as Austria did in the last war. Hitler is, therefore, feverishly proceeding with the fortification—and the occupation!—of Italy. Just to prepare for the worst he has also ordered for the further strengthening of the Brenner Pass!

Relief To Russia

The longer he fights in Africa, the more prepared he can become to challenge the inevitable assault on Sicily, Sardinia and southern Italy. The Duce gave a hint of this when he bleated in his recent broadcast that his master had promised to expedite the dispatch of anti-aircraft guns to Italy. But meanwhile he is getting it in the neck at Turin, Naples, Genoa and elsewhere and no wonder that the struggle with his own people crying for peace will assume for him bigger proportions than that against the enemy. One factor in his favour is that he is as necessary to the Fuehrer as the Fuehrer is to him and the latter may be trusted not to let Italy slip from his hand. The fight for Africa is an earnest of that double-edged promise

Strange as it may appear, this policy admirably suits the Allies, too. For all this drain on German reserves means so much immediate and potential relief to the Russians, who have so long borne the weight and might of the Wehrmacht singlehanded The more Hitler sends to Africa, Italy and France, the less he can spare to meet the mighty counter-offensive the Red Army has launched from Lake Ilmen to the Caucasus. It may yet take long for the Allies to open a regular second front and thus bear their full share of struggle and sacrifice but meanwhile the Soviet has reason to be grateful for this indirect help, however, belated and limited

After a comparative slow-down, the Russian counter-offensive seems to have again gathered momentum during the last two days. The German News Agency admitted two breaks-through in areas as removed as south-east of Lake Ilmen and the Central Caucasus, while the cessation of snownfall on the Central Front has resulted in recrudence of air activity. It is true that much of the fighting is confused and involved and that the German armies caught in the sack before Stalingrad are yet showing no signs of disintegration. Von Hoth is desperately trying to succour the forces through the gaps still left in the cordon, while German transport planes are busily engaged in ferrying supplies.

War Of Attrition

In view of the experience of last year when the Germans stuck to their forward hedgehog positions in spite of the acutest privations and in view of the fact that the deepening snows of winter will soon clamp down all activity, one must be cautious about the developments on the Russian front. It is true that the Russian offensive has been planned brilliantly and executed splendidly so far. But it is equally true that the Germans show definite signs of rallying and sticking it out to the last ditch and dug-out after they got over their first impact of surprise

It is revealing, for example, that even three weeks after the siege of Stalingrad was raised, the German invaders have not been dislodged from a number of positions into which they had penetrated right in the heart of that city. The strongly fortified Rzhev, too, is defying all attacks. All this is an indication of the stiff resistance the Russians are meeting and will continue to meet. This does not mean that the counter-offensive has proved unavailing. Far from it. It has had its proximate as well as ultimate gains. If nothing else, it has proved a strategical master-stroke and has upset all the Nazi plans and hopes about its winter lines.

Again, this putting the Germans on the defensive and compelling them to fight all through the winter means that so much strength and metal have been taken off from the offensive which Hitler will inevitably launch next spring or summer. In fact an intensification of the present pressure may result in disabling that offensive altogether, especially if Russia's Allies, too, keep up the tempo of the war. The more prodigally the Germans are obliged to pour out their accumulated reserves of war material in defence now, the less is the danger of their mounting a decisive offensive next year. This war of attrition will surely help the Allies in the long run, even if no spectacular results are discernible immediately.

Unfortunately.....

If the Allied progress in Tripoli and Tunisia is temporarily halted altogether, that in New Guinea can be measured literally in inches. The difficulties of terrain are much worse there and the Japs seem bent on fighting—and dying—to the last man! The foothold in Buna is as vital to Japan as that in Tunisia is to Germany and both are making desperate efforts to retain it. Owing to the heavy toll taken of their warships the Japs are now compelled to send supplies by parachutes, which itself is an index of their hopeless plight.

In the war review he made before the Australian Parliament, Mr. John Curtin, the Premier, gave an encouraging picture of the situation and emphasized Australia's intention to hold the south-west Pacific as the base until the Allies were in a position to take the offensive. On his part General Wavell, in his broadcast on the anniversary of the war in the east, assured the armed forces in India that he was doing all in his power to hasten the approach of the day when they could avenge their reverses.

These official pronouncements are timely and welcome but, unfortunately, they hardly encourage any hopes that an offensive against Japan is in any way imminent. Meanwhile Chittagong has been bombed more than once during the last week, while Chungking reports that an attack on Yunnan is likely to be launched soon. The decision to invade beleaguered China rather than India is perfectly sound from Tokyo's point of view.

Good Old Adage

But is it either fair or advisable to expect China to take on the blow for which Japan is evidently making great preparations, alone? A moment's reflection shows that once the Japanese army gets on the wrong side of the Salween river, it will put itself in a commanding strategical position both 'vis-a-vis China and her Allies, who will be thereby cut off completely.

This projected offensive must put Britain and America on the "qui vive". There is much to be said for elaborate, fool-proof preparations and supply lines on which General Wavell is said to be nuts. But there is a lot also in the good old adage of catching time by the forelock.

The best way of foiling the Jap offensive on China will be to anticipate it by the Allies' own from India.

BORN UNDER THE PURPLE

(Continued from Page 6)

that must be worth at least £12,000. She also possesses an expanding cap which fits her exquisitely shaped head and is made entirely of diamond solitaires, each of the first water."

"The young Maharaja of Jaipur, India's most popular sportsman, possesses a necklace of spinel rubies, each as large as a bantam hen's egg. There are three rows of these fabulous stones and the market value must be enormous for there are no other such spinels in the World."

"The Maharaja of Gwalior has tons of pearls, so many that he cannot even count the strings."

"The Sovereign of Baroda possesses a carpet made solely of jewels. The ground work is of pearls and the design of turquotas, rubies, emeralds and diamonds. On State occasions a salute is fired from a cannon made of solid gold.".....

A conscientious person would like to know what sum, out of the revenues of these States, is spent on education, public health, pensions and salaries, drinking wells, rural reconstruction and finally, for the Ruler's privy purse.

The Awakening

Representative Assemblies and Legislatures in Indian States are essentially an eye-wash. The final voice rests with the Dewan, who, in his turn, is generally dictated to by the Ruler.

Six hundred and thirty-five Princes rule two-fifths of India and a quarter of its population. Many of them are absolute monarchs, linked only by treaty with the British Crown. Thanks to the might of the Indian National Congress, political agitation is apparent in almost every State. The raiyat of the various States are fully conscious of their responsibilities and their legitimate rights and with patience and perseverence and courage they will achieve their ends.

On Sir Stafford Cripps' return to England, at the Debate, in Parliament, on his recent Mission to India, Mr. George Cove, Labour Member, deciared: "The preservation of the rights of the Princes with all that was going on is to do harm at this moment both to India and to the Empire."

HANSARD CARRIES ON

(Continued From Page 7)

compile a daily report of Parliament culled from various sources. It was printed for him by Thomas Curzon Hansard, a London printer whose family retained a connection with the publication for nearly ninety years. It soon became the best known and most reliable report, in spite of competition from a host of rivals, for one of which Charles Dickens, the novelist, acted as reporter.

Searching Test

By modern standards "Hansard", as it appeared, throughout the nineteenth century, was a poor production. It came out late and borrowed much of its reports from the newspapers. A Government subsidy of £3,000 a year did not improve it. Various Parliamentary committees looked into the matter. In the nineties, when the Hansard family severed their connection with the venture, the House tried the experiment of letting the work out on contract. The scheme failed dismally. None of the contractors could make it pay. Some went bankrupt, one was involved in a scandal because he accepted advertisements. Finally Parliament itself took over "Hansard." It has never had reason to regret it.

The air attacks the Germans launched on Britain from August, 1940, were a searching test of the efficiency of the "Hansard" organisation. Every member of the staff accepted the challenge; the voice of Parliament must not be stilled. In one of the first raids a messenger taking "copy" to the printers was killed. After that all "copy" was duplicated. Then the printin gworks were hit one night while "Hansard" was in the press. The work was transferred at once to another firm, and the publication came out next morning in unfamiliar type but only a few hours late. The official reporters have had to work under a strange conditions in the temporary meeting places Parliament has been compelled to use because of the destruction of the old Chamber; but "copy" has never been seriously delay d

will it no longer suffice? Mainly because of its inability to cover the facts of experience. And first, of moral experience. Apart from a vaguely conceived obligation to further Life's development, the purely evolutionary Universe in which I for so long believed contained no basis for duty, contained, therefore, no explanation of the problem of temptation.

For many years I was unaware of this problem; I was innocent, that is to say of the conflict between duty and desire. The things I wanted to do, I did without hesitation or remorse. It was just as simple as that. For the rest, I did those things which according to the moralists, I ought not to have done, and left undone those things which I ought to have done, and I was very well, thank you. For a variety of reasons into which I cannot enter here, I ceased to be "Very well, thank you," and with the cessation of my riotously amoral health came the obligation to

Joad Goes Back To God!

(Continued from Page 3)

make provisions for moral experience.

Reality Of Evil

What brought matters to a head was the fact of evil. Like most of my intellectual generation, progressive, optimistic, left wing, I had been trained to regard evil as a by-product of circumstance; of economic circumstance and of psychological. The economic circumstance was poverty; the psychological, bad training in early childhood resulting in complexes, feelings of envy, guilt, inferiority, and all the rest of the psycho-analyst's emotional stock-in-trade. The inference was obvious; remove the circumstance, e.g., by Socialism and/or by the psycho-analysing of teachers and parents, and you would abolish their by-product, evil.

I can believe this no more. The evil in the world to-day is too widespread and obtrusive, our noses are being rubbed too firmly into it, to enable us to take any longer so easy a view of its nature and origin. Is all the torturing and murdering and persecuting and raping that disgraces contemporary Europe to be dismissed as a by-product of the poverty and/or psychological maladjustment of young men born in Germany 20 or 30 years ago? It seems unlikely. Evil, then—there seems no escape from the conclusion—is endemic in the heart of man. But to believe in the reality of evil and to have no recourse against it save such as lies in the sporadic efforts of one's own will and the slender integrity of one's own judgment, that is, for me, a frankly intolerable position.

There must, one feels, be some outside source from which assistance can be invoked. "So there is," says religion, "there is God, and if, believing, you pray to Him, Grace will be vouchsafed, whereby evil may be resisted." Hence arises the paradox, that one is driven to believe in the existence of a benevolent and participating God, precisely because of the fact of evil.

Alarm And Dismay

Have I experience of Him? No—but the literature of religion is rich in the records of those who have. The mystics talk a language that I cannot understand, but I see no more reason to doubt that the experiences which it records do indeed occur than the fact that I am unable to convey to my non-musical acquaintances the excitement that music arouses in me affords a reason for doubting the validity of the experience greatness in music confers, or, the intuitive certainty of the knowledge of beauty that it brings.

Here, then, in the conviction of evil and the need for support in the face of a world in which evil grows apace; here, also, in the conviction that what the mystics tell us may be true, are two of the considerations which have led me to reopen for myself the questions which for so long I had considered closed—and this in spite of my ability to see any answer to the intellectual arguments which for so long I thought conclusive. But though the arguments of the head cannot be answered, they may be outflanked by those of the heart: the heart after all may have reasons of its own of which the head knows nothing. But it is in no feeling of gladness that I thus set about revising my picture of the Universe. On the contrary, I have the sense of resuming with the greatest alarm and dismay a burden which in the first flush of my agnostical freedom I so gladly laid aside.—"Evening Standard."

Aspects of an Industry No. 10

GOLD IN BRITAIN

BRITAIN is not a recognised gold bearing country, but there is gold in Britain. The Romans knew this, and mined it. The British Empire on the other hand is the greatest producer of gold in the world. Gold mining is no longer an affair of pick and shovel and washing-pan, but a highly developed industry in which chemicals are used extensively. Indeed, gold production on the scale carried on to-day is only possible as a result of British chemical research. In 1890 the position of the great South African industry was critical. The extraction of gold from the Rand reef was becoming impossible, and it was actually thought that the end of the industry was in sight. In the cellar of a Glasgow tenement a young chemist named MacArthur was working on a process of recovery of gold from ores by means of cyanide. MacArthur had noticed that the method then in use for 'toning' photographs used a solution of gold, and he was able to prove that a weak solution of cyanide would dissolve the gold from the ores, leaving the base metals behind. He was sent to demonstrate his method to the Rand mine-owners. For two days and nights he worked on the problem at the Salisbury mine at Johannesburg. Late on the third day he produced a small ingot of gold. It showed 98 per cent. extraction! The Rand gold mining industry was saved. To-day the cyanide method of gold extraction is used in gold mines all over the world. Even gold depends for its production upon the work of the British chemist.

ICI

Imperial Chemical Industries (India) Ltd.

HANNEN SWAFFER LOOKS BACK

(Continued from page 5)

then, when Alfred Harmsworth started "Answers", copied it with "Pearson's Weekly", imitated his "Home Chat" with "Home Notes", his "Comic Cuts" with "Funny Cuts", and so on.

I saw him in a small office, in which there was a palm, in Tudor Street, and he engaged me as a sub-Editor, to help start the daily papers which he was then launching in Newcastle, Crewe and Birmingham.

Actually, I helped start two dailies in about a week, one in Crewe where I arrived in a silk hat, to the amazement of the local populace, and, a few nights later, in Birmingham, where our venture was such a failure that even when, one Sunday night, we published the peace news which announced the end of the Boer War, nobody would believe it because it was not in the Birmingham "Daily Mail."

Birmingham did not like us. Nor did Crewe. Nor did Newcastle. All three papers are long since dead.

I Get To London

Well, when I left Birmingham, I joined the "Daily Mail."

You would scarce believe it, but I cannot remember my first story, or my first day. I do recall, though, that it was Kennedy Jones, a tyrant director—"That comes of giving a comp. £10,000 a year," Northcliffe once said of him—who gave me a job. I must have written in. I suppose. I don't know.

In those days, I was so modest, when given a month's trial as a reporter on the "Daily Mail", when I was twenty-three, that I said, "At least I can boast I worked in Fleet Street for a month."

That was in 1902. I am still here.—("World Press News").

ART NOTES AND COMMENTS *BY D. G. VYAS*

ART AND RURAL LIFE

RURAL PLANNING IN ENGLAND—EMPHASIS ON SOCIAL LIFE AND CULTURE—BUT WHAT ABOUT INDIA?—EDUCATIONAL RESPONSIBILITIES OF THE RADIO—RING-EPISODE OF SHAKUNTALE RECALLED—WANTED ARTISTIC AMENITIES IN NORTH

The Rural Land Utilisation Committee, which was appointed by the British Ministry of Works and Planning with Lord Justice Scott as the Chairman, has in its report summarised its views in one outspoken sentence which runs as "we do not want the countryside which behind a smiling face hides much human poverty and misery." And it has recommended, by way of remedy for poverty and misery of the countryside, a five-year plan for the development of Britain's rural land which will comprise, among others, completion of a definite number of houses for rural workers and programmes for electricity, water and gas extensions.

Missing Notes

The current trends of thought in England fully justify the anticipation that the cultural implications of rural planning will not be subordinated to the considerations of industrial reorganisation. A refreshing note was struck by the "Manchester Guardian" in its issue of March 31 while endorsing Professor Ashby's views expressed by him in a speech at Cambridge. Professor Ashby had urged the importance of developing the social life and culture of the countrysice. The "Manchester Guardian" had emphasised the popularisation of the enjoyment of good art in order to organise a social culture that would "stimulate and satisfy the imagination and give vitality and variety to village life."

Sir William Jowitt, speaking on behalf of the Government, on December 1, said to the House of Commons that a separate Ministry of town and country planning is to be established. Well, then, what about rural planning in India in which the studied smile of the cities is screening dire poverty and misery in the countryside? The reply will be that the Government are not oblivious to its desirability, that they have formulated schemes for reorganisation of the cottage-industries, that they have appointed Rural Uplift Boards and that the work is under way. Some of the non-official bodies too have been evincing keen interest in the villages. The urgency of the liquidation of the economic poverty of the village-folks has been appreciated in varying degrees by the agencies that have focussed their attention on rural uplift, but what is wanted is a comprehensive and country-wide scheme of planning and, moreover, the promptitude to proceed with it.

The approach made to the villages by the official as well as the non-official agencies is cynical, as it has, in its gamut, the cottage-industries, agriculture, sanitation, health and education, but not the pleasing notes of "art" and "social life and culture." Art has been a spontaneous expression of the village-life of India and not a commercial enterprise—a spectacular outburst which attracts the elite and elegant gracing the critics to a fashionable theatre. The minstrel, bard and story-teller have contributed, to no small extent, to the cultural as well as economic well-being of rural India.

Distinctive Pattern

The village-folks deserve, in a large measure, the credit of perpetuating, in spite of their illiteracy, the great epics—Ramayana and Mahabharat. And they have produced and radiated to the cities, beauty through the artistic wares which urban India takes delight in copying. Music and dance form an integral part of rural life and culture. Their intrinsic artistic worth is illustrated by the fact that the fastidious denizens of the cities, though they are sneering at them as folk-arts, are paying fancy prices to witness their imitations presented on the stage by the streamlined artists, wearing western credentials round their necks. The village-folks readily respond to and rally round the festivals, auspicious functions, processions and bhajan-parties because they are highly susceptible to the appeal of their artistic content.

The elaboration of the distinctive pattern of social life and culture of rural India has been an age-long process which must be continued on its own lines and not deflected from them. India should retain her "Indianness" in her art and culture. India should not be un-Indianised. Since the villages are still instinct with the spirit of the traditional arts, every scheme of rural planning must ensure to them the integrity and individuality of the pattern of their social life and culture.

Mention should relevantly be made of the lay-out of a model village which is prepared by the Victoria and Albert Museum, Victoria Gardens, Bombay, and which will soon be open to the public for inspection. The village is artistically designed and planned according to the sanitary and hygienic principles. It has provision for amenities like the temple, school, library, recreation ground and weekly bazar. The spacious compound of the school can be utilised for the artistic activities of the villagers—an aspect of rural life whose cultural importance hardly needs any emphasis.

Every scheme of rural planning in India ought to have reserved sites for the temple and the mosque and for the buildings of other denominations if necessary and a place for music-parties, dance-recitals and dramatic performances. The school should also function as a cultural centre and the teachers should be trained to enlighten the villagers on the artistic merits of the monuments situated in the adjacent areas and on the history of the province The architecture of the houses, school and other buildings should be typically Indian in design. The indigenous talent, that has lost ground in the cities in competition with Mr. X. Y. Z. A. R. I. B. A., ought to get the opportunity to reassert itself and to play its legitimate role in rebuilding India.

On Graded Scale

The benefits of the radio and the talkie—the new vehicles of education, art and culture—ought to accrue to the countryside. Receiving sets should be installed between the groups of villages and the radio-authorities should be made to condescend to minister to the actual artistic and cultural needs of the village-folks and to cultivate their taste for the programmes of higher values. The system of travelling talkie should be introduced not merely for the sake of entertainment but for the education and enlightenment of the village-folks. Facilities for cinema-shows should be provided at a place to which the people from the adjoining villages can easily repair.

An ideal planning would be to equip every village with all the artistic and cultural amenities. If it may not be feasible in the beginning, provision of such amenities on a graded scale will not be found impracticable. Every village should be equipped with the minimum of the amenities and then a given district should be divided into units and a village in each of them should be developed as an adequately organised cultural centre. Allocation of the artistic and cultural amenities in such rural units will demand improvement in the roads and in the means of transport as a part of planning.

Planning for dissemination of art and culture in rural India will have to be carried a step further. The district town, which is generally the forum of the college industries and agricultural products and the focal point of the villages within its jurisdiction, should come last in the scale of grading the cultural amenities. It should have, in addition to others, a museum of art and industry, theatre, public hall and a resourceful library which would enable it to subserve the higher cultural requirements of the villagers. Rural planning in India is a delicate problem and demands extreme care for its solution. It should not distract the village-folks from the indigenous institutions and traditions of art. It should not convert them into snobs and sophisticates abjuring every Indian tradition as primitive and antiquated.

Radio And Music

An important question whether the radio should educate the listeners in music-appreciation or not was discussed, sometime back, by M. Emile Vuillernoz in the Bulletin of the International Broadcasting Union. He had referred to the two opposite trends of thought such as "don't explain anything" and "guide us in the labyrinth of sounds, help us to understand the masterpieces of music." He had expressed himself in favour of the latter by adding "the radio, therefore, must help the listeners to derive the maximum amount of pleasure from a musical audition."

Romantic relaxation or excitement to the listeners through music should not be the sole aim of the Radio. M. Vuillernoz has taken a rational view of the functions of the radio with respect to music—a view which the All-India Radio ought to accept without reservation. The radio has been acclaimed in every country as a medium of instruction and it cannot claim itself as such if it does not undertake to educate the listeners in appreciation of music—its main attraction.

The All-India Radio has to deal with a country in which art and especially music has no place in the existing system of education. The average listener, though he is musical by temperament, is not expected to be sensitive to the beauty of higher classical music, because he is practically uninformed as regards its complex technique. Greater, therefore, become the educational responsibilities of the All-India Radio. It is not too late for the radio-authorities to institute an inquiry as to what extent they actually educate the listeners or pervert their taste by broadcasting sophisticated and amateurish music; and it is not too late for them to introduce a course of music-appreciation at least as a weekly feature. Service of lighter or popular film-songs is a tacit acknowledgment of the failure of the authorities to train the listeners' ears for higher music.

Role Of Ring

Some poets and dramatists soar very high in the region of imagination and indulge in creating situations and episodes which appear to be incredible and inconceivable. Kalidas was one of them. In his "Abhijnan Shakuntala"

"Calling the Rhythn"—a Sculpture by Mr. Sadanand K. Bakre of the Sir. J. J. School of Art.

he has employed an ingenious dramatic device of the find, by the fisherman, of the ring from the stomach of a fish—a device which can hardly be conceived as capable of ever becoming a concrete reality.

But the fact that the device employed by Kalidas was not a sheer freak of poetic imagination was confirmed recently by the find of a ring from the stomach of a shark caught off the coast of Cuba Kalidas succeeded in settling a matrimonial case of extreme rarity and in bringing about the re-union of Shakuntala and Dushyanta. The letter narrating the incidence of the find of the ring from the shark off the coast of Cuba was filed in the circuit Court of Norfolk to establish the legal proof of the death of Captain George Dewey Hodges and enabled the Court to admit his will to probate.

Amenities In North

The Shivaji Park in Bombay North is fortunate in attracting the attention of the Municipal Corporation of Bombay. It is now to be provided with certain amenities at the cost of nearly Rs. 102,800. The amenities are said to be a promenade, children's corner, places of public convenience and reinformed cement concrete benches. What about civic decorations and statues in the North? It is strange that the bareness of the traffic islands could not catch the eye of the Corporation when it moved as far as the Shivaji Park.

The North of Bombay has expanded at a rapid pace. The residents are able to breathe fresh air enjoy more sunshine and move freely on the broad roads, but they have to run down to the opposite pole of the city in order to attend music-concerts, dance-recitals, dramatic performances and art-exhibitions, because no consideration was given in planning to the question of providing artistic and cultural amenities. Commercial cinema-houses do not compensate for their absence. A Municipal public hall, theatre, and exhibition-rooms are the crying needs of the North and they must be provided to it.

My dear Sisters & Brothers,

Many a friend and many an elderly person—ladies and gentlemen have shown much concern and expressed regrets at the slackening of Balkan-ji-Bari activities. I myself feel puzzled how enthusiasm should be infused in our old workers and how the sympathies of new workers should be enlisted to carry on the children's work.

The Balkan-ji-Bari was started in 1926, and by now its Branches have been established all over India. In some places certain friends have started children's activities with different names for their organisations. That in itself shows the awakening in general with regard to our duty to children, who are truly the nation-builders of to-morrow.

People of the West give much consideration to and support everything bettering the lot of children, but unfortunately in our country, the movement is still in its infant stage. Our friends would agree with us that the problem of the child is one of the most important factors in the modern life of any country, and we earnestly believe that it would have their utmost attention.

There are so many High School and College students, besides others, who could be useful to our Association in organising its activities and arranging its programmes. Teachers, Scouters and educationists could as well be helpful. I appeal to them to come forward and join hands with us. It shall be a pleasure to receive their views and ideas in this connection.

Please convey this message to all elderly persons. and request them to do all they can to assist us in reviying the Balkan-ji-Bari activities in old centres, and by and by to start new centres. If they want to know full particulars about our Association, forward their addresses to Dada—"Gulistan", Khar—Bombay 21, and he will be glad to supply them the necessary information. Thanks very much!

* * *

On Trees

The following poem has. been forwarded by Sis. "Multani" (Bombay):—

How simple, how sweet, how sublime,
Are the gifts of God—the trees;
From the very days of their prime,
Clad in their gay green leaves.
It is their friend, the Heavenly rain,
That comes and clothes them all again;
And the clothes they wear are of a hue
That to the eyes is a pleasant view.
For this they lift their arms to pray
To their Creator—night and day!
And He on them does beauty shower,
And sends them blessings from His bower.
So when thro' the boughs wind slowly creeps,
It's not the wind but God that speaks;
In his Celestial way to his beloved trees,
And makes them danee in a happy breeze.

* * *

No Pains, No Gains

The following essay has been forwarded by Bro. Pramod Kalubhai Tanna (Dahanu):—

"Work as if thou hadst to live for aye;
Worship as if thou wert to die to-day".

—Fuscan Proverb.

This proverb is a key to success. The whole philosophy of a man's success is hidden in these words. A man should be of the firm opinion that without work he cannot expect any success. Success requires incessant labour.

Many think that labour is a burden and chastisement but, as a matter of fact, it is an honour and glory; without it nothing can be accomplished. All that is in a man is acquired by work; and civilization itself is its product.

It is the idleness that is curse to a man—not labour. Idleness eats the hearts of men, as of a nation, and consumes them as rust does iron. Everybody must take pleasure in work.

If you fail in your work don't get nervous, but try again and again like a spider. You should not stop working if you are defeated in your purpose, for defeat is education and failure is an opportunity more intelligently to begin again and hence see that you reach your goal.

Let us, therefore, be up and doing!

All Good Wishes from
Your loving,
Dada

Sis. Champavati

Bro. Virendra.

Sis. Radha Hazari.

WORK (Photo: M. Desai) and MA KE MERRY (Photo: M. Sheila)

WHAT DOES THIS STAR FORETELL?

(Continued From Page 4)

The astrologers seem to have failed to recognise this fact. There is also another consideration in their favour. Astrology is an anodyne both to villains and to sufferers. It looks as though more of sufferers come to the astrologers and the villains are lost sight of If only the astrologers were to seek them out and tell them that they are villains by necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves and treacherers by spherical predominance, drunkards and liars and murderers by an enforced obedience of a planetary influence and that the evil is only because of the divine thrusting on, they would have broken many an obstacle, gained much ground, made more money and won a better place in this world.

The astronomers seem averse to taking the initiative. to seek out the villains, because such an initiative is derogatory to their profession although some minor fries cast about for trash on the road-sides and kerbs.

Cyclone Follows The Star

If this profession disdains this method, it will have to take chances and brave the peril by making predictions. whether the villains like them or not There is only one alternative for astrologers to foster their profession and that is to make predictions and offer soothing hopes; but alas, they have not risen to the occasion.

Perhaps, the Indians are the only people who can see clearly this star. Before it shot up, this country was in the throes of an upheaval. As it blazed into activity, a cyclone hit this country and took a toll of 40,000 people. It is but meet and proper that after these pangs. we must be the most fortunate people to see this nodding star most clearly and therefore we may be pardoned if we claim it as our own. It twinkles and beckons to us.

But then who will describe our reactions and emotions? I expected the poets and the publicists to fill the need. Oh! if only the poets had changed their themes and described the morning freshness of this star, its dazzling and dynamic activity, the rosy alluring picture of the dawn, the crowning promise of a goal! If only the publicists had stopped writing about things in which we are not interested and in which we are not concerned. if only they had stopped boosting of foreign publicists by mutual arrangement, of patronizing cafes and cafetarias and all such foppery which seems excellent but nonetheless ill-befitting! Nova Puppis—the new star would, I expected, give them a new theme, a theme which would suit the needs of the country. I thought that with its appearance the poets and the publicists would break a new ground; but alas, they are as blind as bats at noon.

As I said, this star twinkles and beckons to us. Let it be the cynosure of all eyes interested in struggling and suffering humanity.

2 TABLETS
OR 10 DROPS
ACT IN 15 MINUTES
If you're merely pecking at your food, not caring whether you eat or not, take ten drops (or two tablets) of PHOSFERINE a quarter of an hour before your next meal and see what a difference there is. There's nothing like PHOSFERINE for bracing you up when you feel run down and generally out of sorts.
2 TABLETS = 10 DROPS
PHOSFERINE
THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS
Depression
Headache
Indigestion
Brain Fag
Neuralgia
Sleeplessness
Influenza
Rheumatism
Sciatica
Anæmia
Debility
Neurasthenia
If your dealer cannot supply you, write to
Symonds & Co., Post Box 912, Bombay. Rs. 1/- for No. 1 size; Rs. 2/- for No. 2 size and Rs. 3/- for No. 3 size post free. Liquid or Tablets.

THE FAITH OF WILLIAM SAROYAN

The mind of William Saroyan is in three compartments, one enclosed by the next and the third one containing both: a Chinese box of Chinese simplicity.

In these compartments shelter thoughts on three subjects: the world, America and William Saroyan. No one knows for sure which enjoys the safety of the central box.

The Saroyan legend has for its hero Saroyan himself. Saroyan say the critics and his readers, is a salesman; his wares are slick, vivacious pamphlets. Saroyan is his own advertising agent, his own priest, his own toady and some say, his own cosmos. That is the popular legend, and popular legends usually have far more truth in them than scientific historians will allow.

Who is Saroyan? Or rather, who was he? He is an American-Armenian, and he sold papers on street corners as a boy. In his own words, he had the "purest headline-hollering voice in the San Joaquin Valley." Owing to the fact that he not only sold papers but also watched people at the same time he is the most promising writer in America to-day.

Critics, especially American ones, are divided in their opinions. We are given the opportunity of sampling some of these opinions by the publication of Saroyan's first book of plays *(The Time of Your Life and other Plays*, Faber, 8/6). Here the author had the happy idea (which may or may not be original) of printing some reviews of one of his plays by the principal drama critics of the American press. The tone varies, but there is a turbulent and pesty stream of opposition to "young William Saroyan," the "flashing Young Armenian," the "literary jackanapes and self-styled genius" and "the antic Armenian," as he is variously alluded to. But one critic, Brooks Atkinson of the *"New York Times,"* did a little thinking instead of irresponsibly ridding himself of an excess of spleen, and wrote: "He is no rationalist, and rational minds had best stay away."

Key To Personality

That is the key to Saroyan's personality, his writing and the way he does his hair. He resents the heavy hand that has clamped down on the imaginative faculty in this 20th century of ours. He resents the servile adoration of the scientific dictum, the insistence on experience as a basis for all action, and the bureaucratic mind's helplessness when the maid accidentally lights the fire with the book of rules. In one of these plays, "Love's Old Sweet Song," Saroyan makes two or three scarcely-veiled smacks at Steinbeck, who sucked cheers out of nations and will be forgotten when Saroyan is read in schools.

An objectionable character in this play says, of a poor family that is dragging its way through the States, "How dare they have personalities of their own?" That is the modern attitude, says Saroyan; people to-day are not regarded as beings who fall in love, get romantic about the moon, or commit suicide for a toss of the head; instead, they have become subjects for sociological experiment, exhibits for historians, and always fodder for future wars. For Saroyan's enemy, the hard-headed man of common sense, despite his superiority and his realism, is powerless to stop wars.

First, then, let us take the world, by which I mean the common people of the world. A scrap of dialogue will give Saroyan's attitude to them:

> Nick: Joe, people are so wonderful. Look at that kid!
>
> Joe: Of course they're wonderful. Everyone of them is wonderful.

Everyone. But some have been spoilt. Sometimes his love comes to a head and boils over, and then there is a danger of his love turning to hate. ("Hate is love kicked in the pants.") People are so wonderful, so stupid, so courageous, so arrogant: he, William Saroyan, prefers the child to the frozen adult, and it is pain to him that all but a few should solidify and become gross and lifeless. Like his people, Saroyan is bewildered: like little Jhonny in "My Heart's in the Highlands" (adapted from a story in which Johnny, significantly, was referred to in the first person), it is almost possible to hear him sighing, "Something's wrong somewhere."

"We're Crazy"

Even policemen sometimes break down. Thus Krupp, in *The Time of Your Life*:

> "We're crazy, that's why. We're no good any more. All the corruption everywhere. The poor kids selling themselves. A couple of years ago they were in grammar school. Everybody trying to get a lot of money in a hurry. Everybody betting the horses. Nobody going quietly for a little walk to the ocean. Nobody taking things easy and not wanting to make some kind of killing. Nick, I'm going to quit being a cop. Let somebody else keep law and order. The stuff I hear about at headquarters. I'm thirty-seven years old, and I still can't get used to it. The only trouble is the wife'll raise hell."

Krupp has five minutes as a human being, and then meekly drops back. It is the wife, but it might have been the boss, the next-door neighbour or even the crease in his trouser leg. It is always the system and the system's mental atmosphere.

But if Saroyan loves all people in all countries, he is infatuated by the American people. ("Nuts to Europe," as one of his characters says). His stories, and now his plays, are a cross-section of one of the most startling and colourful civilisations in history: a civilisation that smells like a rose and stinks like a garbage can. Saroyan can't always control his characters. The dramatic critic, true to his rules and his training, is probably aghast at the introduction of Kit Carson in the play *"The Time of Your Life."* For Kit Carson has no function to perform; he is an excrescence; the play does not need him—if you like, he holds up the action. And Saroyan is quite shameless—this character is annexed, riding boots, neckerchief and stetson, from a short story, "Ever Fall in Love with a Midget?"

Such characters don't knock for admittance—they walk in. As in the case of Pirandello, Saroyan is at the mercy of his own creations. They are restless, they contain America in their bones—these itinerant quack doctors, homeless actors, ejected poets, Greek wrestlers, Assyrian barbers' assistants, commercial travellers and roaming novelists in search of copy.

America Is The Goods

America is the goods. America is the biggest thing this side of Paradise. When the automatic machine in the honky-tonk goes wrong and the American flag jumps up and down and a music box strikes up "America" a vagrant philosopher, a Western rogue and a society lady jump to attention and sing "My country, 'tis of thee." A chronic small-time gambler has to salute every time he sees the flag. A down-and-out family, sixteen strong, behaves equally patriotically. The man who tells the story in *"Seventy Thousand Assyrians"* sits down in a barber's saloon, rolls a cigarette and hands the pack to another, "thinking of America".

And then there is Saroyan himself. This part of his faith is the most widely known. He has sold himself with success. There are several instances of his faith in himself (or conceit, as some say) in the volume already mentioned: as when he writes, calmly and unemotionally, "I believe *"My Heart's in the Highlands"* is a classic." He knows what the overwhelming response to this kind of statement is bound to be, and he has a firm and confident answer:

> "It is charged that I am crazy, an egmaniac, a charlatan, that I will write anything to celebrate my name, that I am an enemy of the people, especially the working-class, that my intention is merely to make money and rise in the world, that I have bad taste or no taste at all, and a good many other things. The charges come from men too dull, too vulgar and too inferior for me to bother with."

The whole difference between his thinking and that of his critics, he says, is that his "operates from beginnings long ago and not from headlines and news in to-day's paper."

This is only a fraction of Saroyan. It is a favourable fraction, because I am so prejudiced in his favour. But at the moment I am a little frightened; there are signs that Saroyan may go "serious." This would be fatal for his work, for nothing could carry a more serious message than the lighthearted trifles he has produced so far. The worst thing about his volume of plays is the introduction, in which he tries to elucidate the problem of the leader and the mass in a style alien to him. He rehashes le Bon, the rest is trite. May we remind him that Mark Twain went to his grave firmly convinced that his *"Joan of Arc"* was his greatest work? (—"Tribune.")

BOOKS AND THEIR AUTHORS

SAGA OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT

(Continued from page 23)

well as the Russians or make such bad blotting paper.

That our corps of professional Army officers is too much of a trade union, and still believes that age is more important than ability: that the British Overseas Airways Corporation is one of the main props of our war effort but is over-staffed

* * *

That there isn't a single Pole in Russia who is not anxious or glad to fight on the side of the Russians against Germany; that, taken by and large, the Allied flow of war materials to Russia reflects the highest credit on the British Government: that the Russian rail-road system is exceedingly efficient; that nothing will stop people believing that Losovsky is the head of Russian propaganda: that far too much whisky is being drunk in India

That Anglo-American relations are not what they ought to be or could be; and that if only the British Government would ask us to accept one half of the sacrifices that the Russian people are making for victory, the war would be over this year.

Above all, that Hitler, Mussolini and Tojo are well on their way to the dustbin.

And even above that, if such is possible, that it is wonderful to be home again. (—"News Chronicle.")

The Aryan Path

A well deserved tribute to the genius of Shri Nandalal Bose, the distinguished Bengali artist who is in charge of the art department of the Visvabharati—the international centre of cultures at Santiniketan—is paid by Shri Gurdial Mallik, a fellow-worker at Santiniketan, in the December number of the "Aryan Path" (Bombay). The child-like simplicity of the artist, his sense of humour, his large-hearted humanity, his selfless devotion to art and his profound philosophy of life, are all brought into relief by the writer. Interesting light on the development of certain Buddhistic concepts, such as "Satti" (Shakti), "Jhana" (Dhyana), and "Arahan", is thrown in a posthumous contribution from the pen of the late Mrs. C. A. F. Rhys Davids. Shri Devendra Satyarthi next gives glimpses into the folk-mind of India in a further instalment of folk-songs, of which he has made an intimate study. There are also other interesting articles in the same issue, in addition to the editorial notes and book reviews. The Journal, which stands for all that is noble in East and West alike, from the ancient times to modern days, and has a distinguished list of contributors, Indian and non-Indian, deserves the wide popularity which it has enjoyed in all thoughtful circles.

Indian Stud Book

The Indian Horse is slowly acquiring his true status and the publication of the first Indian Stud Book fulfils a long-felt want.

The first volume of this book is a very satisfactory compilation and will be a great help to breeders and everyone interested in the future of the Indian horsebreeding industry.

The greater portion of this handy volume is devoted to Broodmares with their produce from 1935 to 1941, both years inclusive. A list of stallions standing in India, vital statistics, and an additional list of mares arranged under their sires, reveal how carefully the Keepers have kept to the pattern of older stud publications of a similar nature.

Neatly printed and stoutly bound, this book is priced at Rs. 10 per copy and can be obtained at the Offices of the Royal Western India Turf Club, Mahaluxmi Bombay.

E. L. D.

MIND YOUR THROAT!

The gateway through which the germs of many diseases enter your system with dire consequences.
Take time by the forelock and guard against the inroad of diseases through this route.

PUMILET

The Palatable Pastille

THAT SOOTHES, PREVENTS, PROTECTS
CONTAINS
ACTIVE PRINCIPLE OF PINE, THE BEST DISINFECTANT OF THROAT AND LUNGS.

A Bengal Chemical Product

Agents: ORIENT DRUG AGENCY, Princess Street, Bombay 2.

The LAST PAGE

Conducted by CHRONICLER

For the average man in the street, the world of diplomacy has an aroma of mystery, romance and intrigue about it. It conjures up visions of secret negotiations in hushed tones, of formal banquets and informal little parties and dinners where the gay, inconsequential atmosphere provides a camouflage for momentous international pourparleys carried on behind closed doors in the Ambassador's study.

Even abjuring these romantic visions, one wonders what exactly is the function of an Ambassador? Is he just a figurehead, flitting from one state banquet to another exchanging pleasantries and courtesies with the rulers of the land? Or is he a glorified Secret Agent, a regular Fifth Columnist, ferreting out State secrets of the Government to which he is attached?

Very little light has ever been thrown on this interesting subject because practically everything important that an Ambassador does is confidential while his public activities, duly reported in the press, are just trivial routine affairs.

In "Mission To Moscow" Ambassador Davies tears the veil of secrecy from one of the most important assignments. It is a book that is both original and enlightening. It smashes many illusions about a diplomat's work—and about the Soviet Union.

★

Remarkable Book

"Mission To Moscow" is not an ordinary book and its patchwork pattern is almost unique. It comprises of a series of highly confidential documents—private letters and official reports and entries in a diary and a journal. This arrangement lends authenticity to every line in the book. And, despite obviously unavoidable repetitions, the narrative is interesting and readable, assuming dramatic proportions when it touches upon vital themes and describes momentous days.

Ambassador Joseph E. Davies, an old friend and co-worker of President Roosevelt, one day in 1936 received a long-distance telephone call summoning him to Washington.

"Joe" said the President in effect, as the two friends lunched together in White House. "I would like you to accept a diplomatic post abroad. Where would you like to go?"

"Either to Russia or to Germany", replied "Joe" Davies, for he knew that these were the two most dynamic hot spots in Europe

The President's reply was characteristic. "I myself would mighty well like to see Russia under these conditions." Russia, he added, was bound to be a vital factor in connection with war or peace in Europe and he would like to have Davies' assessment of the strength and weaknesses of that situation

★

Series Of Surprises

And thus the smug, complacent Davies—a deep-dyed believer in Capitalism and stern critic of Communism, a rich business magnate married to one of the richest women in America—arrived in Moscow, accompanied by wife and daughter, on January 19, 1937. This was the first time he was setting foot on Russian soil, the land of the Reds, and one can imagine him looking about for evidence of the failure of the Bolshevik streets on the streets of Moscow. But this is what his diary records as his first-day impressions:

"The city of Moscow itself was a real surprise. Of course it is a beautiful old city but in addition thereto the activity that you see on the streets, the amount of building that is going on, and the comfortable clothing which seems to be quite common surprised me very much. There is no question but what the tempo here is most active, and these people seems to be making strides."

Ambassador Davies stayed in Soviet Union for nearly two years, making long trips into the interior, studying industrial and agricultural conditions, attending art exhibitions, ballets and operas visiting factories, schools and nurseries, meeting diplomats statesmen and artists. But the series of surprises that began on the very first day never seemed to end and the votary of capitalism had to admit, more than once, that in art as in industry the Communist regime had succeeded in releasing tremendous sources of creative activity. Mr. Davies might be an incurable capitalist but one has to give him credit for complete objectivity. In spite of his strong antipathy for Communism, he faithfully records everything good and efficient and pleasant he came across in the Soviet Union.

★

Those Treason Trials

One of the first things he did on arrival in Moscow was to attend the famous Radek Treason Trial which was the subject of much bitter comment all over the world. Day after day, Mr. Davies sat through the entire proceeding of the trial along, with American correspondents, and after the judgment was pronounced, he sent a long confidential report to the Secretary of State in Washington. This is the "reluctant conclusion" he had to arrive at in that report.

"Viewed objectively...I arrived at the reluctant conclusion that the state had established its case, at least to the extent of proving the existence of a wide-spread conspiracy and plot among the political leaders against the Soviet Government.....On the face of the record in this case it would be difficult for me to conceive of any court in any jurisdiction, doing other than adjudging the defendants guilty of violations of the law....."

Coming as this testimony does from a man of Davies' position and views, it knocks down the entire structure of falsehood and half-truths that the capitalist press of the world had built up about this trial, 'playing it up' as a tyrant's convenient method of "liquidating" political rivals. Later on Davies also attended the trials of Bukharin and the several Red Army Generals charged with treason and conspiracy to overthrow the Government and this time too he was convinced that their crimes were proved "beyond a reasonable doubt to justify the verdict of guilty of treason."

★

"They Shot Them!"

A sequel to these trials is also recorded by the Ambassador. In June, 1941, three days after the German invasion of Russia, he found himself lecturing to the students of his old *alma mater*, the Wisconsin University.

Someone in the audience asked: "What about Fifth Columnists in Russia?" And "of the anvil" Davies replied: "There are'nt any —they shot them."

After describing this incident he tells us.

"On the train that day, that thought lingered in my mind. It was rather extraordinary, when one stopped to think of it, that in this last Nazi invasion, not a word had appeared of "inside work" back of the Russian lines...There were no Sudeten Henliens, no Slovakian Tisos, no Belgian de Grelles, no Norwegian Quislings in the Soviet picture.....As I ruminated over this situation, I suddenly saw the picture as I should have seen it at that time. The story had been told in the so-called treason or purge trials of 1937 and 1938 which I had attended and listened to...I found that practically every device of German Fifth Column activity, as we now know it, was disclosed and laid bare by the confessions and testimony elicited at these trials of self-confessed "Quislings" in Russia...The Soviet Government believed that these activities existed, was thoroughly alarmed, and had proceeded to crush them vigorously. By 1941, when the German invasion came, they had wiped out any Fifth Column which had been organised."

★

When Joe Meets Joe!

Stalin seldom sees any Ambassadors. But he made an exception in the case of Ambassador Davies. When the latter was on a formal visit to President Kalinin, the First Citizen of U.S.S.R. quietly walked in and had a long friendly talk with the American diplomat. This is how Joe Davies describes Joe Stalin:—

"I noticed that he was shorter than I had conceived and he was quite "slight" in appearance. His demeanor is kindly, his manner almost deprecatingly simple, his personality and expression of reserve strength and poise very marked".

★

From Roses To Revolution

"Guzar jaen dunya se sha'ir hamare
Kahen milke khas oam "jahan pak" sare".

(If all our poets pass away from the world we will all shout in chorus, "Good riddance! Good riddance).

Thus sang Hali, castigating his own tribe of Urdu poets. It was a reaction against the degeneration of Urdu poetry into a jugglery of words, acrobatics of rhyme and meter, simile and metaphor, and the preoccupation of the poets exclusively with such themes as rose and nightingale, the beauty of the imaginary beloved, or the praise of Kings and princes.

With *Hali*, however, began a new era of Urdu poetry—the revivalist fervour of Hali, the critical satire of *Akbar Allahabadi* the philosophical and metaphysical discussions of *Iqbal*.

To-day the nightingale-and-rose lyrical Urdu poetry, though still in favour with the older generation and with romantic youth, is definitely on the decline. The poet of to-day sings of revolution rather than roses, of the blood of the martyrs rather than of the henna-dyed hands of the beloved, of Lenin and Stalin and Gandhi and Nehru rather than Laila and Majnun and Shirin and Farhad!

★

Josh And Saghar

We in Bombay had an opportunity to taste the flavour of this new revolutionary Urdu poetry last Sunday when the Bombay Progressive Writers' Association put up an all-star show in their bi-monthly meeting. The Association which, since its birth three months ago, has discussed Gujerati literature and Marathi novels, Kathiawar folk songs, and the books that are banned, relaxed for two hours and gave itself up to an enjoyment of the fiery eloquence of *"Josh"* and the youthful rebellious verses of *"Saghar"*. It is rare to find two such front rank Urdu poets together in Bombay and the elegantly-furnished hall of the Silverfish Club was crowded to overflowing.

Not all who were present—the Marathi, Gujarati, Singhalese, Goanese and Tamil writers—could understand and appreciate the finer points of the verses recited—the vigorous new technique, the use of old lyrical and mythological symbolisms to convey new revolutionary conceptions, the subtle literary allusions and the occasional flashes of brilliant satire.

Simple Hindustani is yet too poor a medium for the expression of such highly philosophical concepts as *Josh* discusses in this epic long poem, *"Harf-e-Akhir"*, that he is writing these days and from which he recited a few stanzas. And while some verses of *Saghar* were simple enough, the best he recited was "The Poet And His Beloved" and this discussion of poetic values could hardly be confined within the limitations of simple Hindustani. But even if they did not catch the meaning (which was later sought to be provided by one of the Secretaries of the Association) they could not but admire the flow of the rich resonant phrases, the rise and fall of the poet's voices, the declamatory style of *Josh* and the soft, musical quality of *Saghar's* recitation.

★

Epic Of Evolution

JOSH is regarded as the greatest living Urdu poet and his "HARF-E-AKHIR" is expected to be the greatest work of his lifetime. In this epic poem he traces the whole story of human evolution, offers a severe indictment of the present order of things but holds out an optimistic promise for the future along the path of revolution.

"SAGHAR" who holds an eminent position among the younger Urdu poets, is also a thorough nationalist, having often earned the wrath of the communalists by his patriotic writing both in poetry and in prose in his monthly Urdu magazine, "Asia". Not so profound as JOSH, SAGHAR has the refreshing spirit of youth and a flair for song-writing in simple Hindustani.

★

This Language Question

At the same meeting of the Progressive Writers' Association, another interesting personality was Mahapandit Rabul, once a Budhist, now a Marxist, linguist and scholar, who commended the policy of the Soviet Union to solve the language problem of India. Development of the eighty or so regional languages instead of their amalgamation into one lingua franca or a few major languages is the panacea he prescribed. It is a rather startling suggestion even if it has succeeded in U.S.S.R. Can it be successful in India where the presence of a foreign element has always encouraged disintegration—political and cultural—and created an atmosphere in which any move for legitimate cultural autonomy is liable to be exploited for anti-national purposes?

Pakistan and the Soviet system of autonomous cultural zones are two different things. Yet the Communists' advocacy of the latter has given an impetus to the Communalists and Imperialists to insist on the former.

To my mind, only in a free India shall we have the proper atmosphere for a dispassionate discussion and final solution of such cultural problems.

★

The Soviets Have The Last Laugh!

First German soldier: "Do you know, Karl, the Russians are no good at finding their way about in the dark".

Second German: "Why do you think so?"

First German: "Last night two Red Army men came into our trenches, and lest they should lose their way back, they took four of our men away with them".

* * *

German Major: "Herr Lieutenant, why doesn't the second battalion attack as ordered?"

Lieutenant: "Well, Herr Major, the men say that since Goebbels has announced that we have already taken the city, why should we trouble to take it again?"

—Soviet Union News.

The Vicar: "Well, congratulations John. Perhaps it will interest you to know that glass of wine is twenty five years old.

John: "Be it sir. Then it be mighty small for its age."

SAGA OF A WAR CORRESPONDENT

12 Months—30,000 Miles

By PHILIP JORDAN

Almost exactly a year ago I left England to report the opening months of the Soviet-German war for the "News Chronicle." I returned to this country just over a week ago.

In the course of those twelve months I have flown more than 30,000 miles: I have visited places as remote and as far apart as the Shetland Islands and the borders of Tibet, the Ural Mountains and the Belgian Congo: I have felt 83 degrees of frost; and only a few weeks later have walked out into temperature of 112 in the shade.

I have seen, swum in and crossed some of the great rivers of the world: Volga, Tigris, Euphrates, Brahmaputra, Irrawaddy, Ganges, Nile, Congo, Tagus and Shannon.

I have stood in the shadow of men's remarkable achievements: St. Basil's onion-domed cathedral below the Red Square: the Pyramids, the golden Shwa Dagon temple of Rangoon, the Taj Mahal, the New Jerusalem, and the ruins of Persepolis.

* * *

I have been in the world's most overcrowded city, Moscow; and in Rangoon when there were, perhaps, fewer than 50 civilians in the place.

I have slept in palaces and hovels; I spent one night in a broken car on the steppes of Russia, with the snow piling against the windows, and I spent another beneath the tremendous stars that shine through Burmese jungles

I have travelled where there was no night, and where it is always dark at about six in the evening. I have crossed the equator twice.

I have talked with viceroys, governors, generals, politicians, saints, pimps and scoundrels.

* * *

But when all these things and all these people are forgotten the memory of ordinary men and women and of their fortitude will abide always; for I have seen a whole world struggling for freedom

I have flown in Catalinas, Douglas commercial planes stripped for war Hudson bombers, Flying Fortresses, old Imperial Airways machines pulled from the scrap-heaps on to which they were piled before the war, Moths, Beechcrafts, Empire flying-boats and Pan.-American Clippers.

I have travelled in little ships and air-conditioned trains, in Rolls-Royces, jeeps, rickshaws, gharies and sleighs. I have set foot in eighteen countries. I have seen Russian, British, Indian, Chinese, Burmese, Polish, French, American and Imperial soldiers; and it would be hard to say which fight best, Russian or British.

I was in Moscow with Beaverbrook and Eden, in Kuibishev with Sikorski, in Rangoon with Alexander and Wavell, and in Delhi with Cripps. I have watched history being written so fast that destiny must have writers' cramp.

* * *

The imagination of the world has been rightly touched by the splendour with which Russia has fought for victory; but the great light with which her valour has blinded us tends to obscure remoter and smaller actions.

Men's minds are thinking of what has happened and will happen between Murmansk and Batoum; but, if I search my own memory, I come back aways to the bravery and the fortitude of those British soldiers who fought the Japanese in Burma; and, by fighting them with an endurance that no one who was there believed possible, may yet have saved the Eastern world for freedom.

There can be no criticism of them: if Burma was lost we must look nearer home to find a head on which to lay the blame; for that one division, with what scanty reinforcements finally came to them, fought as men have never fought before, knowing that one day they must be driven from the country.

I should like to record their names again, for their renown is imperishable; and they are worthy to stand beside the great regiments of history: the Gloucesters, the Cameronians, the Duke of Wellington's and above all, the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry.

* * *

Every one of the many men who now lie rotting beneath Burman suns is not only a memorial to British courage but a memorial to what might have been if the tuans besar and the pukka sahibs who were so selfish had been wiser in their day, for the Burmans, rightly, were not sorry to see us bleed and go.

We went slowly, leaving dead men in the green hell as thick as paper in a chase; and because we went slowly the Japanese came to the Indian frontier regions only when history had already shown that Hitler had at last come to a wall he could neither climb nor batter down. And so they turned on gashed China, which now cries out urgently for help.

* * *

Because men remember the small things of life more vividly than those which affect the world's destiny, I recall now the second day after Rangoon was delivered to the enemy.

I was driving north along the road to Mandalay; and in the heat of the day we had a puncture. Because I was too tired and too ignorant to mend it, I waited at the roadside for a Good Samaritan; and hoped that one would come before a Japanese fighter arrived to shoot us up. Within ten minutes a Burma Road convoy, manned by Chinese soldiers, came over the hill; and the leader asked if he could help.

When I murmured a thankful "Yes", he said: "We are happy to do this for you, for we are all brothers now".

* * *

In the last 12 titanic months we have all suffered sorrows and disappointments, and have all known happiness; and the latter is the harder to define.

Happiness.—The ballerinas Ulanova or Lepechinskaya, dancing in the "Lac des Cygnes" at Moscow. Cossak cavalry streaming across the steppes in pursuit of beaten Germans. Virgnia Woolf's "Between the Acts"' read in the air above the Rajputana desert. The sight of Kuweit, the common grave of two thousand German soldiers near Yartsevo. Walking across the Volga. A hurried meal, taken at dusk in a forest near Smolensk, preparatory to a night sortie against the enemy. Dropping shoes and food from a bomber into the North Burmese jungle so that tired men might have hope of life.

All these and more crowd in, with their corresponding disappointments to hold the balance.

Disappointments.—The fall of Odessa. My failure to meet Stalin.

And above all, perhaps Jawaharlal Nehru, who was once the greatest anti-Fascist of us all.

The man I saw n Delhi was not the same man I had last seen in Spain, and before that in London.

A myopic and anachronistic British administration in India has at last produced a frustrated man, no longer capable of reading contemporary history aright. The seeds of frustration, planted by British folly and nourished in British prisons, have come to flower in that heart, and are strangling it. I lay no blame: I record only my sorrow.

* * *

And now for opinions. That the Russian armies can beat the Germans this year; that the Colonial peoples and in some degree, the Indian peoples would like to contribute more to the war effort than they are allowed to contribute: that General Spears, our Minister in Syria, should be replaced.

That the Foreign Office is still appeasing: that the Japanese soldiers is not half as good as people generally suppose: that the British soldier is a good deal better than people generally suppose: that our Imperial architecture is a disgrace to our national taste.

That India has heard vaguely that there is a war on somewhere: that we should immediately appoint a new Viceroy: that Stalin is a great man: that there is a deal too much political interference with our commanders in the field: that no one will ever sing or dance or act as

(Continued on page 21)

English Lady Captures America

War Film Without War Scenes

"Mrs. Miniver," the American-made film of Jan Struthers' heart-warming story of an average English family and how they triumphantly came through the Battle of Britain, has become the No. 1 motion picture for 1942 in the United States.

Ordinarily, under the American system of distributing important films, "Mrs. Miniver", following its run at New York's Radio City Music Hall, would have been exhibited as a "road show", that is, given special engagements at first-class theatres at advanced prices before being released generally to all the picture houses of the country.

So impressive was the New York showing, however, and so effective a message of courage and high morale on the part of the British people does "Mrs. Miniver" present, that the United States Government urged that the picture be given an immediate general release. As a gesture of goodwill to better British-American understanding, the film company agreed—at an estimated sacrifice of more than a million dollars in profits—and to-day film audiences all over the United States are sharing New York's enthusiasm for the gallant Mrs. Miniver and her family and friends.

Universal Appeal

"Mrs. Miniver", which has been hailed as the most important motion picture to come out of the war, paradoxically has not a single battle scene in it. It is the simple story of how the war affects one middle-class English family. But by concentrating on one family, "Mrs. Miniver" becomes universal.

The picture shows, with remarkable power, how every man, woman, and child becomes a fighter in modern war. In the memorable closing scene, after the little town in which the story is laid has been half destroyed by Nazi bombers, the vicar voices the determination of all English people to fight to the end. From his pulpit, under a roof opened to the English sky by bombs, the vicar says:

"We in this quiet corner of England have suffered the loss of friends very dear to us: George West, choir boy; James Ballard, station master and bell ringer, and proud winner, only an hour before his death, of the Beldon Cup for his beautiful Miniver rose

"And our hearts go out in sympathy to the two families who share the cruel loss of a young girl who was married at this altar only two weeks ago. The homes of many of us have been destroyed, and the lives of young and old have been taken. There is scarcely a household that has not been struck to the heart.

People's War

"And why? Surely you must have asked yourselves this question. Why, in all conscience, should these be the ones to suffer? Children, old people, a young girl at the height of her loveliness. Why these? Are these our soldiers? Are these our fighters? Why should they be sacrificed?

"I shall tell you why. Because this is not only a war of soldiers in uniform. It is a war of the people—of all the people—and it must be fought not only on the battlefield, but in the cities and in the villages, in the factories and on the farms, in the home and in the heart of every man, woman and child who loves freedom.

"Well, we have buried our dead but we shall not forget them. Instead, they will inspire us with an unbreakable determination to free ourselves and those who come after us from the tyranny and terror that threatens to strike us down

"This is the people's war. It is our war. We are the fighters. Fight it, then! Fight it, with all that is in us. And may God defend the right!"

Such is the theme of "Mrs. Miniver," and so eloquently is it unfolded, so convincingly is it enacted, that literally millions of American movie-goers have been given a whole new conception of the English people.

Clerks, society women, sailors, soldiers, business men, housewives in the audiences viewing this stirring film, all agree that they have a new and deeper admiration for the British people for having seen this motion picture.

Digitized with financial assistance from the Government of Maharashtra on 21 April, 2017

WHEN DOUGHBOYS LANDED IN AFRICA

Lt. Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower (left), Commander of all American forces in the European theatre with his colleagues.

PLANNING U. S. STRATEGY IN NORTH AFRICA
This picture of the four top fighting men in the United States was taken 48 hours before American forces began landing operations in French North Africa, at a time when the final orders were being executed. The four are (left to right) Admiral King, Gen. Marshall, Admiral Leahy and Lt. Gen. Arnold.

"Peeling off" in a power dive toward an objective masked by a sea of clouds, a U.S. Navy "Dauntless" dive bomber leads a formation of carrier-based planes into action.

For months the United States Rangers practised on the beaches of Britain.

U.S. ARMY'S 9-PASSENGER GLIDER—Glider troops leap from the 'plane, bayonets fixed and machine guns ready.

Faces blackened, the U.S. Rangers make a practice landing on a beach.

Pictures Credit: U. S. Office Of War Information

Printed and Published for the Bombay Chronicle Co., Ltd., by KESARINATH RAMKRISHNA GANDRE, at the "Bombay Chronicle" Press, Red Building, Parsi Bazaar Street, Fort, Bombay.